





Fron-tis-piece.

HISTORY OF VIRGINIA

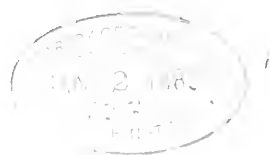
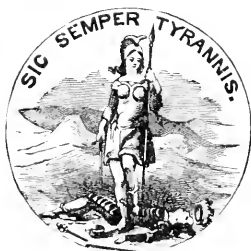
IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE

BY

EMILY STEINESTEN McNAMARA

*Author of "Prince Coastwind's Victory;" Translator of "Under the Stork's Nest"
"Chain of Fate," Schilling's "The Vicar's Diary," etc.*

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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PREFACE.

HISTORY is bound to be cold with stern facts. The one who writes it may not give way to flights of thought that will catch the mind of youth.

If this book should prove to be less bare of bright, but true, tales than plain truth is wont to be, thanks are due to those who gave me their aid when I sought for dates and facts for the work.

Chief of these is the Virginia-born journalist John W. Overall, and Mr. R. A. Brock, of Richmond.

E. R. S. MCN.

Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, October, 1888.

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VIRGINIA.

PART I.

THE COLONISTS.

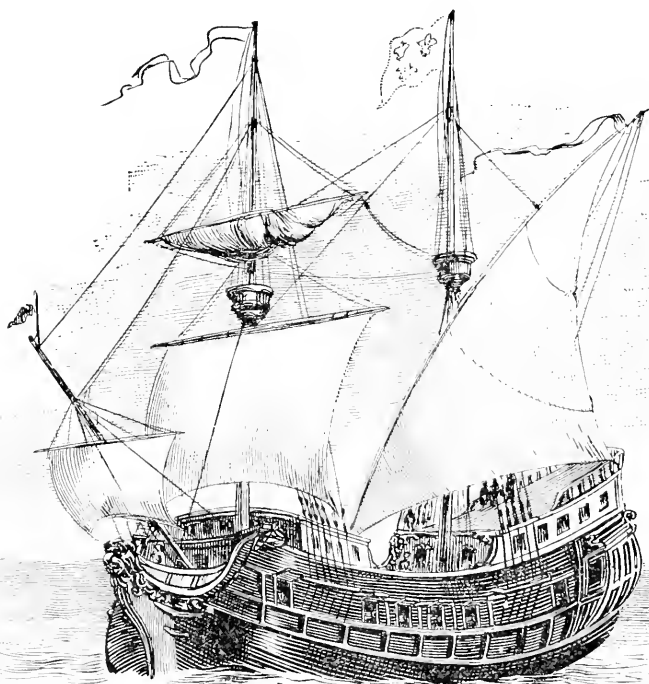
CHAPTER I.

WHEN my wee boy or girl friends read this tale, they must use all four eyes. You know that you have two pairs of eyes, do you not? One pair will gaze at the page while you read, and one pair,—which are set in the face of your mind,—can see sights that took place 304 years since.

I think I can see your thoughts dwell on the glad face of Sir Wal-ter Ra-leigh when he felt the first soft south wind borne to him from the shores of what was to be the Land of Vir-gin-ia.

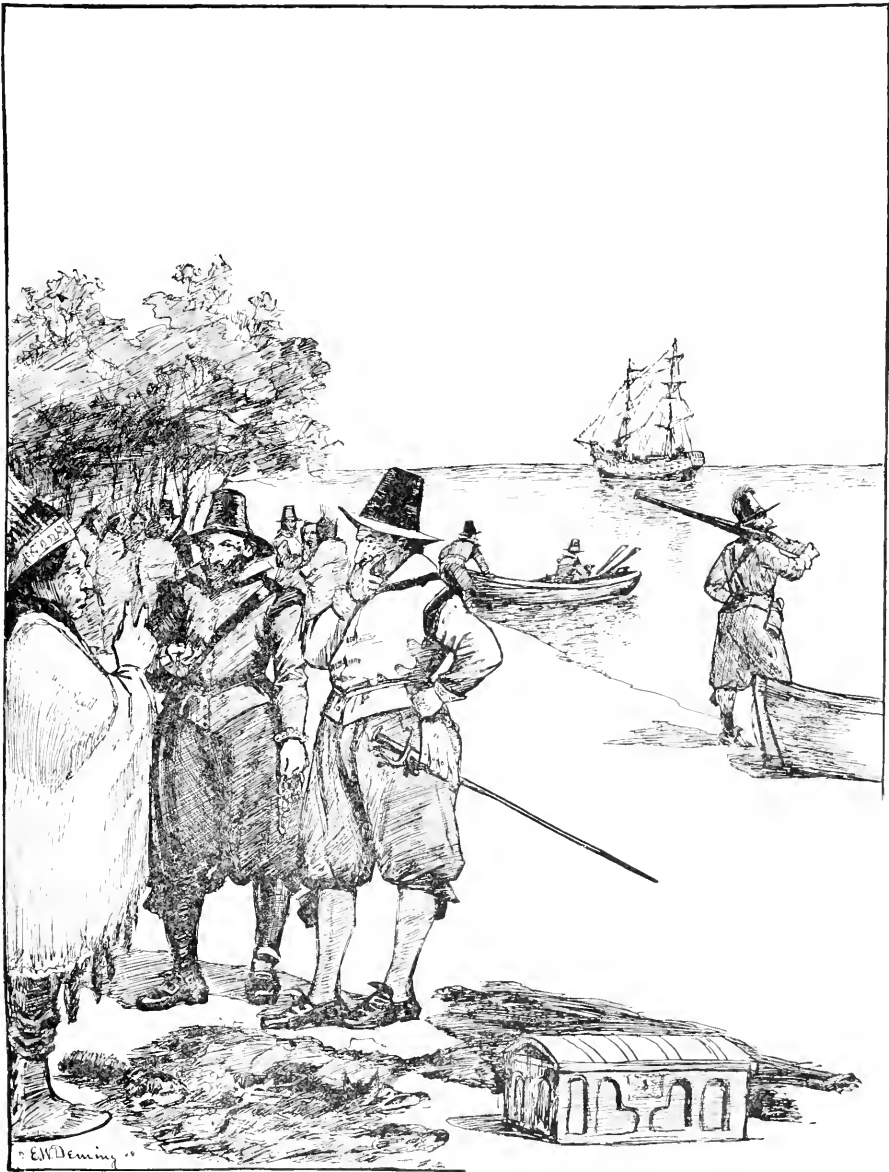
To sail for weeks and months on the cold sea, with the same bleak scenes day by day, must have been hard at best; but to Sir Ra-leigh and his men it must have been quite a sad time, for they were in search of a shore to which they had no guide.

Men from the old land had found New England, with its chill winds and harsh clime ; but Sir Ra-leigh was the first to dare the seas not known, to find the South Land.



SIR RA-LEIGH'S SHIP.

With bloom and warmth I greet thee ! friend white man first to seek me, must have been the words of the soil, had earth the gift of tongue. “ For we were still far out at sea,” said Sir Ra-leigh, “ when



FIRST TALK WITH THE RED MAN.

the wind bore to us “so sweet and strong a scent,” that he knew he was near the spot he sought.

When he went back to Eng-land to tell Queen Bess of the land he had found for her, she said, “Pure, sweet, and warm! Our claim must have a name to suit all that you say it is. We will call it the Vir-gin land, the sweet land of VIR-GIN-IA.”

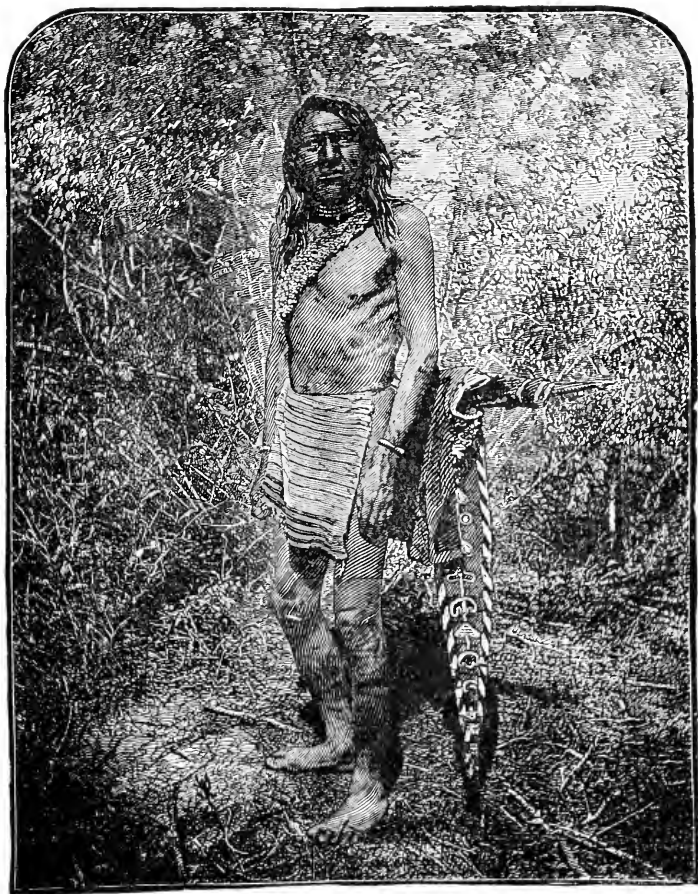
When men heard of this grand place, rich in soil, that hid gold and ore, on which grew wild fruits fit to pluck; on which ran free the best of game,—why, all Eng-land went near mad with joy.

The Red man, what of him? Sir Ra-leigh said he met him in the best of moods. It is odd how the Red man got the name of IN-DIAN. It came in this way.

When Co-lum-bus first set foot on the new world he thought he was in In-dia, and, of course, the “na-tives” must then be In-dians. The name has clung to them. It should not be so. The land was theirs, and they should be known by the name of their land; do you not think so?

Well, Sir Ra-leigh soon had a lot of men, who, with bold hearts set sail for Vir-gin-ia. Sev-en ships were sent out with Ralph Lane as chief.

To some of these men are due thanks, in all time, for what we know of those first years in the South Land.



THE IN-DIAN.

Most of these men came here with but one aim and end in view—to pick up chunks of gold, get as rich as kings, and go back home and have a fine time.

The Red men had no more chance, than the beasts of the woods, to keep out the white man. They saw he was sly, hard of heart. But soon the Red men were up to their tricks, and their hearts were in a flame of rage. We will play tricks too, said they ; then let us see, who is the fool !

They saw the white man's greed for gold, and made it a means to get square for mean things done to them.

When the whites would fawn and give them gifts, so that they would tell them where gold was to be found,—for they were sure the Red men must know where it lay, in heaps,—the Red men at last said they would tell them, and sent them miles out in the woods, to hunt for what was not there, and laugh at their rage, when the foot-sore men came back.

“We told you at the first, that gold must be dug for, but you think we do not tell you true. You do us harm, to make us tell. You try to buy us, but you still think we have hills of gold when we tell you, not so. Now we laugh at you, and play you tricks, as you do to us.”

So bad blood was made 'twixt them. But the search for gold went on, all the same.

On one of these trips the men came to a large, strange tract of wa-ter. The Red men said it was "Ches-a-peake." The word means "great wa-ters," so it got the name of Ches-a-peake Bay.

As time went on, and no gold was to be found, like clods of earth on the way-side, and food got low, for the white men did not till or sow, they got sick of their life, and hearts were sore for the old home.

Things were in a sad plight, when Sir Fran-cis Drake came from Eng-land with ship-loads of new stores. But the men would not stay. So Ro-a-noke Is-land, the name by which the spot was known, was once more left free to the Red men. It was by these men that the weed, we call to-bac-co, was brought to Eng-land.

The Red men taught them the use of it. They did not call the plant to-bac-co, but the reed or pipe-like stem, in which they put the leaf to smoke, is the Red man's "*To-ba-co*." When the Span-ish first saw it in use, they gave the name of the tube or reed to the plant, and that is how it came to be known as To-bac-co. In the meantime Sir Rich-ard Gran-ville set out from Eng-land with three ships and stores to join the Vir-gin-ians. But not one sign of the small band of white men could be found.

He left fif-teen men to hold the claim in the name of the Queen, and went back to Eng-land.

The fate of these fifteen men is not known to this day.

Were they slain by the Red men? did they starve? Who can tell?

When the next ships, (sent by Sir Ra-leigh,) came to their aid, not a trace of them was left, but bare bones lay in the sand, and their huts were haunts for wild beasts.

The new col-o-nists, with John White as their gov-er-nor, had brought their wives with them. They came to make homes, to stay and build up the land. It seems they did not make the Red man their friend, or the Red man had grown wise and did not want the white man to come and live on his land.

There was war from the first, and the red foe was wild for blood, and shed it, when and where the white man could not strike back. Fear of this foe

was now the bane of life. They must have help.



PIPES.

They had but one ship left. The Gov-er-nor was sent to Eng-land in it. A child, the first white babe on Vir-gin-ia soil, was born at this time. They gave it the name of Vir-gin-ia Dare.

It was the Gov-er-nor's child, and they would not let him take wife or child with him, but kept them as a pledge that he would come back with help right soon, for their sakes, at least.

He saw them no more. Some marks cut in the bark of a tree told that they had fled to Cro-a-ton. But the Gov-er-nor could find no trace of them. He gave up hope and went back to Eng-land.

Thus, twice the red man made way with the whites, and was left king of the soil.

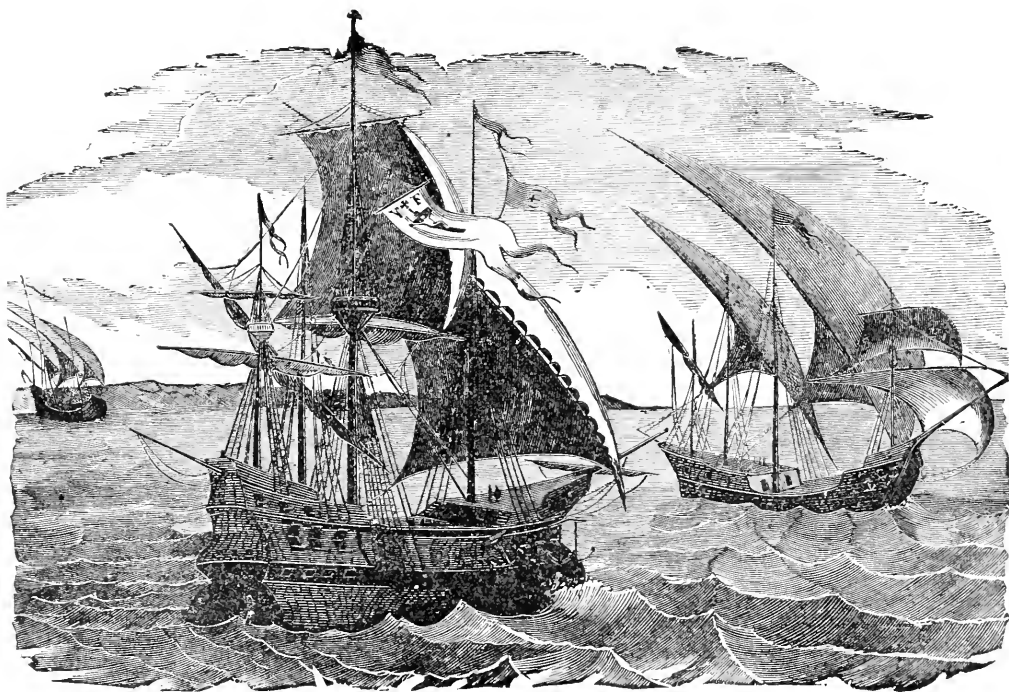
CHAPTER II.

WHEN James I. was king, Eng-land was not so rich and fine a land, as it is in these days. Queen Bess's reign was all life for the men of her time. They grew rich on the spoils of war. The Queen found use for them, and gave them, in this way, means to live, and care for wife and child.

As rash deeds were things of the past, how then should men live in good old Eng-land when

there were more hands than there was work for? Once more men thought of the Vir-gin land and laid plans to come to the New World.

On A-pril 26, 1606, three ships came to land in the Ches-a-peake Bay. Cap-tain John Smith, a



SMITH'S SHIPS.

brave man, was chief of the col-o-nists who were come with tools and store to found homes. Smith must have had a hard time of it, for the men did not know how to work. They were knights of the sword who could fight, but toil was not to their

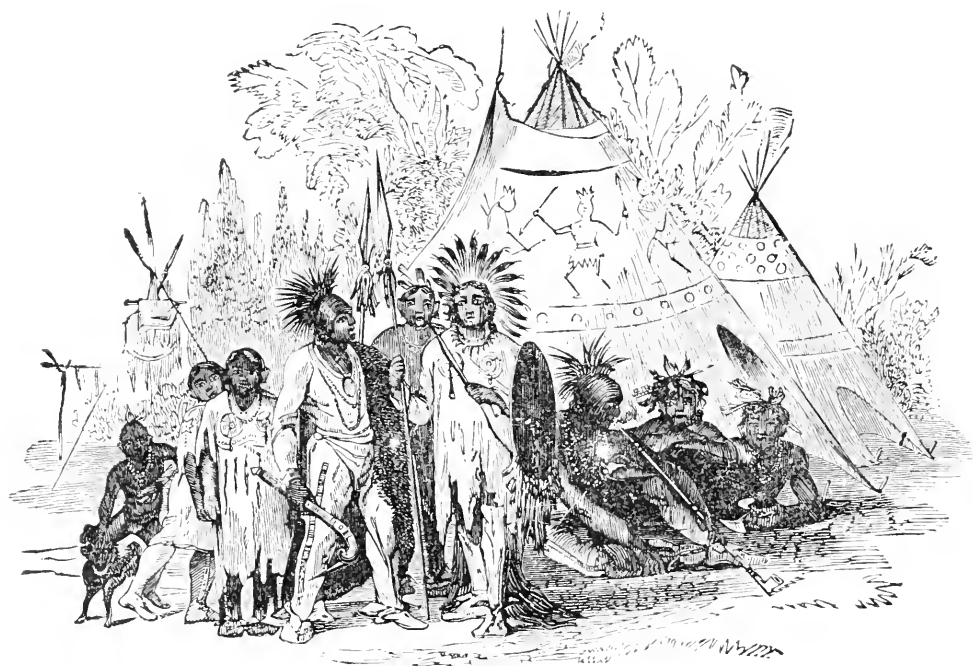
taste. Smith had so much good sense and pluck that they at last set to work with him to build huts and clear land for their towns. They gave the name of James Riv-er to the great stream, and James-town to the chief place. He made them till the earth and plant corn. But they were not in love with such toil, so most of their grain was bought of the Red men.

Were they glad they had so good and wise a friend to think and do for them? Not at all. They said he did it for his own sake, to rule and play lord and head man. As soon as he left them to seek new fields and streams, they would not sow nor reap. But they knew how to growl at poor Smith when they had naught to eat.

Once when their stores were quite low, Smith set sail with some of the men to find the head of the Chick-a-hom-i-ny stream. He thought they could live on game and such things, and so leave more food for those left at James-town.

On his way he came to an In-dian camp where he heard that there was corn to be bought. He thought of the scant food and at once went back to town with a large load of grain. Right glad they were to see it, but for thanks they told him he might have found the source of the stream first, and then brought the corn.

The next time he went in search of new streams and lands he met some Red men of a tribe that were strange to him. They took the scalps of the men with him, and would have put him to the stake but he caught their eyes with a sight of his compass.



POW-HA-TAN'S CAMP.

To kill him would not do. He must first tell them what it was for and how to use it. They were in high glee with their toy, and led Smith from place to place and at last brought him to the great chief Pow-ha-tan.

This King of all the Red men was just as wild as the rest of them to see how the thing would work. When Smith had taught them all he could, with the hope that his life was safe, the fine old Pow-hatan gave a loud grunt and said: "White man, you must die!"

John Smith made his best bow, and laid his head on the stone, as the King bade him. Fierce Red men stood with clubs high in the air to crush him to death. Would the blows fall?

Ah! see that fair maid rush to John Smith's side. It is Po-ca-hon-tas.

"Spare him, or kill me first," were the words she said.

She laid her head on that of the brave Smith and would not move. The old King held a pow-wow with his chiefs. They were all so fond of the pet of their tribe that they gave Smith his life for her sake.

"But you must give me some guns, and a round stone, such as white men use to grind knives on," said Pow-hatan.

Smith gave his word that he should have a grind-stone and the arms. The King sent Indians with him to James-town to fetch the things. On the way back with the stone and guns, the Red men, who did not like to bear such a load, let the stone

drop. As it fell it struck the guns so that some of them went off. The noise gave them such a fright that they ran for dear life as fast as they could lift their heels, and left stone and arms on the ground.

But Smith had made friends with Pow-ha-tan, and could trade with his tribe and so keep the col-o-nists in corn in times of need.

Cap-tains New-port and Fran-cis Nel-son now came with fresh stores and things to trade with the In-dians. When New-port heard that the great chief Pow-ha-tan was friends with John Smith he thought he too would call on the Red King.

With great pomp and pride New-port then went to him as if he were the great white chief come to talk with a Red chief. But Pow-ha-tan would not smile on him, and then New-port had to ask Smith to come and make the King move his tongue.

When he saw the fine blue beads and bright gems—of no real worth—old Pow-ha-tan lost all his grand airs, and, like a child, took them and gave in trade all the grain he could spare.

Then they went to O-pec-han-ka-nough, the chief of the Pa-mun-kees, and made just such a good trade with him.

The col-o-nists thought they could now have a nice time and no work. They built thatch roofs to keep all this great store dry. What must have been

their grief when, just as this was done, to see flames break out and burn all that they had.



SMITH TRADES WITH THE RED CHIEF.

But fate did not mean them to die of want. The ship "Phoe-nix" came from Eng-land just in the time

of sore need. Their joy was so great that they made up their minds to set to work with a will like true men, to build and dig, to plant and reap, and send to the old land some signs of their toil.

It must be a ship load. Some gold dust had gone from Vir-gin-ia with Cap-tain New-port, but they could not fill a ship with ore in such haste. What could they send of what they had to spare?

With axe and brave hearts they set to work and soon had a load of which they were proud.

What do you think it was? Why, great sticks of sweet Vir-gin-ia red wood.* And that was the first A-mer-i-can car-go.

CHAPTER III.

CAP-TAIN SMITH now made his way to the Ches-a-peake. From there he sought new fields and streams, and made a map of the whole land so true that the men to whom he sent it in Eng-land had a good view of it from this chart.

But while he made such good use of his time, the folks left at James-town all these months laid down their tools of toil. They ate up most of what

* Cedar.

they had in store, and took no pains to raise fresh stuff while the time was good for it.

A nice lot of men they were, do you not think, to take no care for the time when their food should be gone? Why, some of the beasts of the field had more sense.

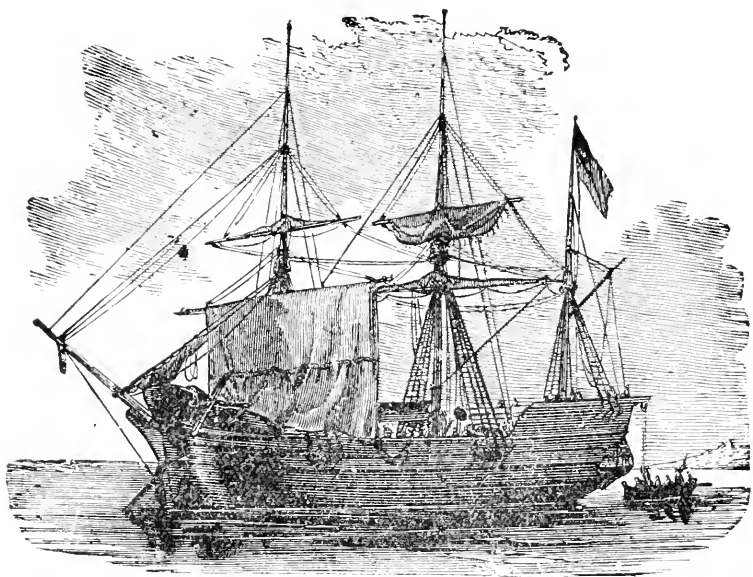
This was the fault of their Pres-i-dent, who should, as their head, have made them work. They saw when too late the harm of it, so they chose Smith once more for their Pres-i-dent, who soon had the best done that could be so late in the year.

Cap-tain New-port now got back from Eng-land with a ship full of good things and some Dutch and Poles to do hard work, such as make pitch, tar-glass, and so on; but the col-o-nists were not in a state of thrift at this time and had lost heart; though the fault was their own. They did not like to see more men join them, as they thought the more mouths there were to feed the less they would get to put in their own.

Some fine gifts were brought to that proud chief Pow-ha-tan with the hope that it would please him and make him more of a friend. But bless you, the old rogue took them as if it were no more than he ought to have, and held his head high in grand style with an "Ugh" like a grunt, and would not be friends at all.

Cap-tain New-port said he would not go back to Eng-land till he had found three things to take with him : a big lump of gold, a clear way to the South Sea, and one of the lost men sent out by Sir Wal-ter Ra-leigh.

Pow-ha-tan had told him there was no way to the



NEW-PORT'S SHIP.

South Sea, or great tract of sea, or route to a lake on that side of the James Riv-er Falls, where New-port said he was sure there was. But he did not heed what Smith or the Red chief told him, and had a nice hard time of it in the search, to come back sick of the time spent in vain.

The hunt for a lost man and a big lump of gold met with the same bad luck.

Smith then said they should make up a ship-load of tar pitch and wood and go back with it and tell them that gold was not to be had in lumps. He then wrote word that they should not send such a class of men so ill *fit* to build up a new land, who could do no real good with hands or head. To lodge, feed, and care for such, was not a way to wealth, but kept down the few who did the toil for all. If they had hopes of a real home for men here they must send those who would share the work as well as the stores. They must not hope to get rich but by great toil. There was, no doubt, gold in the soil, but it did not lay on the grass in lumps or heaps for these men to pick up and reek in wealth. For those who would work and live like brave, true men, Vir-gin-ia was the place.

John Smith was the best friend the col-o-nists had. He was their brains, their hands, their hope when dark days were near. Yet they gave him no thanks, but much hate. When their times were good they would have some one else to rule and guide them. The In-dians would not deal in faith with the best of them, for they did not trust their words. They knew that Smith was true in word and deed.

While the Col-o-ny had but one fund and share to each man, things did not get on well at all. But in due time, when Eng-land had sent a Gov-er-nor

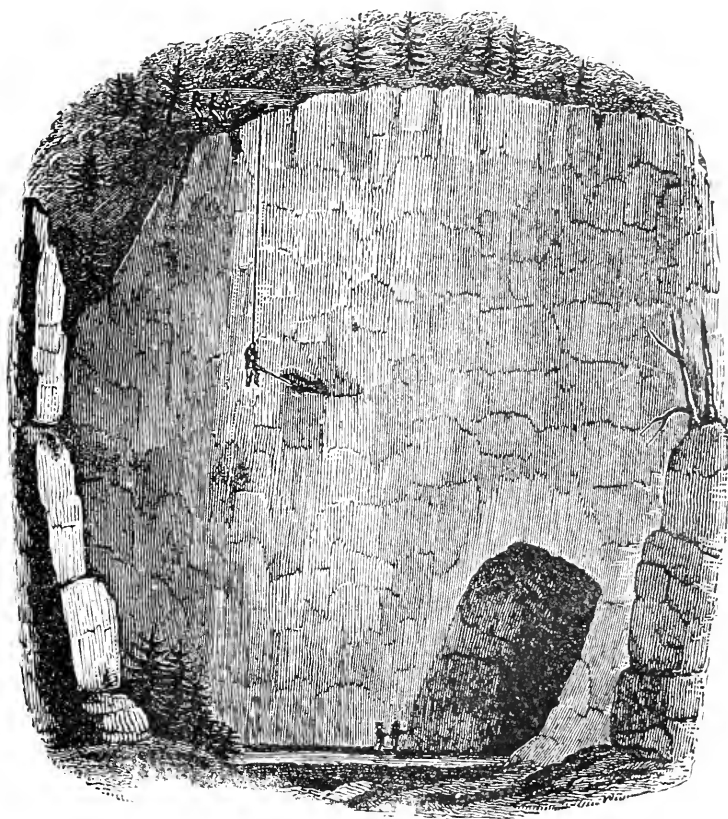
who could act as he saw fit, and each man got a tract of land to till—to work or starve—a sense of thrift grew in their hearts. Those who to that time had to share what came of their toil with those who would not do their part, now felt it worth while to do their best, as it was for their own use.

Ship loads of men with their house-holds came to grow rich—so they thought, for some mean souls in Eng-land had told such wild tales of the gold to be had here, that no one could get them to hear the true side.



CAP-TAIN JOHN SMITH, IN THE COS-TUME OF THE
TIMES.

Five hun-dred white men made up the Col-o-ny now. If they had gone to work right all would have been well. But they went to hunt for gold—the gold they could not see and did not dig for. To



EN-TRANCE TO NAT-UR-AL TUN-NEL.

feed such a lot of folks took all there was in store in a short while. Then came strife and rage and hard times.

John Smith was gone to make maps of the land he had found. One day his powder bag



NAT-UR-AL TUN-NEL, IN SOUTH-WEST-ERN VIR-GIN-IA.

burst and tore the flesh from his limbs in such a way that he was near death by the time he got to James-

town, where help could be found to ease the great pain of his burns. In this sad state he could not aid the col-o-nists in their need. His own plight was most hard. The wounds did not heal and his burns most drove him mad; so he made up his mind to go to Eng-land, to find there the aid he could not get in Vir-gin-ia.

So the Col-o-ny lost its best friend. When he left it he could count four hun-dred and nine-ty whites. The Red man was at peace with them and sold them corn. When the In-dians found Smith was gone, they set fire to the huts, and made war on all the white men at Pow-ha-tan and Nanse-mond, and drove those they did not kill to James-town, where the good maid Po-ca-hon-tas brought them food that they might not starve as time went on.

Things were so bad soon that they had to kill one by one all their live stock—hogs, sheep, goats, old and young, and at last they ate horse-flesh, skin and all. Such a time had these first Vir-gin-ians, some books say they got so like wild beasts that they dug up the dead and ate of the flesh.

Had they but gone to work in the first place, and by man-like acts made friends of the Red men, such things would not have come to pass. Is it not proof that the In-dian would have been less bad had the whites been just with him as John Smith was?

But they most all paid dear for their want of sense. So few could stand such a life that death came, and six months from the time John Smith left more than five hundred men, well and strong, but sixty souls, remained to tell of their fate when Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers and their crew came from Bermuda, where their ships had run on the rocks on the way from England. But their lives were all saved. From the wreck they made two barks, or rafts, and on these they set sail for Virginia.

It was a sore blow for them to find just a few sick men, and no cheer or warm hand grasp to greet them. Here was lack of food, of health, of all that makes a place fit to name it home.

They took the few men on board the crafts and with sad hearts set out for the first port. They had but to trust that they could reach Newfoundland and get aid from British ships that might be there for fish.

Once more Virginia was left to the Red man. Was all the toil of the past in vain?

No. Before Sir Gates and his crafts got to the mouth of the James River they met Lord de la Ware with three ships and a large stock of food of all kinds.

Those bound for home, whose lot had been so

hard, had no taste to try it once more. But the fine hopes Lord de la Ware held out to them gave them new heart. So they came back to James-town.

For two years the Col-o-ny got on, while Lord de la Ware was at the head, and with stern rule made the men work so that they would not fall back in the old way, not to care for the next day so long as that day had its food. Then Lord de la Ware got sick and had to go back to Eng-land, and things were soon in the old state.

It was not till 1612 that a strong form of government brought the col-o-nists to a true sense of the fact that they were come to build a world to which men might turn and share of the grand gifts God had left here for them. And soon there came great big ships with freight of souls who spread from place to place. Those who came with so much of means of their own that they could pay their way on the ship had great tracts of land to call their own. This was a "grant" by the King to make men wish to risk so long a trip at sea, if when they got to the end they could be rich with such gift on which to build homes.

How kind of the King! to give so much, at no loss to his own fine self, and so be well rid of those he could not care for at home.

But when they got nice farms and thought they

would now reap rich crops or lay in good stores, the King held out his hand and said: "A good share is mine; give it up." They did all the work. "You sow," said the King; "I will reap grains of gold from the sweat of your brows."

I must now tell you of the good, kind Po-ca-hon-tas, the child of Pow-ha-tan, who would not let the Red chief kill John Smith, and in their worst need brought as much food to the col-o-nists as she could, so that they might not quite starve.

One time Pow-ha-tan went far from his home to hunt. He left Po-ca-hon-tas to the care of an old chief, I-ap-a-zaws by name. That old rogue fell in love with a bright pan of cop-per, I think, or brass. It shone so that the heart of I-ap-a-zaws was made false to his trust, and he told Cap-tain Ar-gall, a white man who came to him to buy corn, that he would give him Po-ca-hon-tas for that bright pan.

"All right," said the white man, and poor Po-ca-hon-tas, who had been so good to them, was held by the white men as a host, so that they could make fine terms with Pow-ha-tan to get her back. But the chief was in a high rage when he found out the trick.

"You just give me back my girl or I'll fight!" said he.

No doubt there would have been grave times,

but the sweet girl found a true heart in the white man's camp, and by the time the maid was to be sent back a Mr. Rolfe had won her for his bride.

Pow-ha-tan made the best of it. No harm had come to his child. When the Princess Po-ca-hon-tas was wed by the rites of the English church in great pomp the show did his proud heart so much good that he was from that time on the true friend of the whites. It was through his will that the Chick-



PO-CA-HON-TAS, IN THE FASH-ION-A-BLE ENG-LISH COS-TUME
OF THE PER-I-OD.

(Copied from an Original Drawing.)

a-hom-i-nies and tribes not so strong as his own got to be their stanch friends too, and said they would live by the laws of King James and pay a tax just like the whites, and take up arms in the King's cause if need be.

Thus we see how much we owe this brave maid, and how proud the child may be who can say, "I have of her blood in my veins."

Mr. Rolfe took her to Eng-land, where she was made a great pet at court. John Smith had told of her brave and kind deeds, and this, with the charms of her own mind made all who met her love her.

She died at Graves-end, in Eng-land, while on her way back to the old home in Vir-gin-ia with Mr. Rolfe and their child.

CHAPTER IV.

THE time was now at hand for the col-o-nists to think of Vir-gin-ia as a place fit for such good homes as the help of wives could make. Men so far had come just to find a field to grow rich in, or to try their luck and skill in the New World. They of course thought to go back to the old land some time, where the ties of moth-er, wife, or such of kin

as kept the name of home dear were left, but when their crops were so good that they sold corn to the Red men, where once they had to buy, and when the love of this free mode of life gave birth in their minds to the wish to build hearths on this grand soil, they had brought from Eng-land twelve hun-dred and sixty-one men, some of whom had wives, and with them were nine-ty strong, fair maids who were soon to be wives, as you will see.

The men who had paid their way to Vir-gin-ia sold them for one hundred pounds of to-bac-co each to the young plan-ters.

They were so glad and proud of their wives, who made such sweet cheer for them, and were in truth real help-mates, that those who had no wives sent to the Old Land for more of just such poor, but good, girls to wed with them.



MOUN-TAIN-EER'S HOME, IN WEST-ERN VIR-GIN-IA.

What joy they brought! But a wife was a prize of such great worth that the price went up, and a man had to pay a good deal more than one hundred pounds of to-bac-co for her. When a man had thus home and wife the land on which his home was made grew dear to him. He thought him of the best way to make that land fit to love, and keep that home in the best of care. When true men own land they wish to have a voice in the way laws should be made, so that what he owns shall not be laid claim to by some one else.

Right here is where Vir-gin-ia made a true and bold move. Men of less pluck would first have sent to the King and said, "May we do this, may we do that?" But these bold, brave men said, "We now have home and lands. How shall we best guard them?"

Sir Thom-as Yeard-ley was the Gov-er-nor at this time. He was wise and good. He told men to meet, two from each town or place where one hundred men had made farm homes to call their own.

Two men were sent by the plan-ter-s to speak for them in this way, and this was the first North A-mer-i-can leg-is-la-ture.

No doubt in this first as-sem-bly was born that grand germ which gives to us a land where all men are free to make their own laws, if they are for the good of all. The King could not have made such

fair ones for them. On his throne way off in England, how could he judge what their needs were?

Still, if he could have seen what a fine school of thought his subjects met in at James-town one day in June, 1619, and had a peep through the eye of time, to see how well men could get on with no kings and queens to work for, he might have put a stop to the game in which thrones would come to have no part.

In this year a school was built in Hen-ri-co. King James made all the bish-ops in Eng-land give great sums for this school, so that the In-dian youth could be taught to read and write.



SCHOOL-HOUSE.

It got to be a fine large place where the young Vir-gin-ians were taught how to read and think.

Up to this time the plan-ters had no help on their farms, but poor mean men, who, for some bad deed, were bound out to serve those who had need of their work. Such help could not have been worth much, so when in Au-gust, 1620, a Dutch

ship brought to the Col-o-ny some black men from Af-ri-ca in trade, it would have been strange if the Vir-gin-ians had not bought them. Had they not bought wives of their own race? It was no shame to trade for their needs. Was the lot of the black man worse now than it had been with the brutes who stole them? These were the first slaves in Vir-gin-ia, and right glad they must have been to go from the dark hold of the Dutch ship to light, air, and fresh food.

The rule of King James in Eng-land was now so harsh, that the tide of hope made more men wish to come to A-mer-i-ca. This was not to the King's taste. He thought it was time to make them feel his wand here. They must not have things so much their own way. He would send a man to keep them down, and make such laws as he had in his realm. But the heart of the New World had grown strong, and the friends in the Old World stood by the col-o-nists and sent them a man to be Gov-er-nor whom they could trust. More good laws were made, a "char-ter of free-dom" was sent, to the King, and thus step by step these men got to know how sweet it was to make rules for their own way of life, where each man had his say when the time came for them to meet. They gave to the King his tax, but they would not let him make their laws.

While Pow-ha-tan was chief, there was no cry from the Red man as the whites took more and more of his land. He died in 1618, and his brother O-pec-han-ca-nough was made chief. He was sly and full of hate for the white man. He took on the mask of truth, and said he would keep peace and good will like Pow-ha-tan. This he did not mean to do. He meant to get rid of the whites the first thing. He would have gone to war, but they had the best arms. With low craft he then laid a plan by which he would be safe, but it would make an end to the whites. He would give them poi-son!

By good luck none of this stuff could be found in his tribe, so he had to ask the king of the one near to him for it. This chief would not hear of the plot, as he was at peace with the col-o-nists and made good trade with them.

What should he do next? What was left but to slay them in cold blood? This was quite in his line. The farms were here and there some miles a-part on each side of the James Riv-er. The whites had been friends so long with the Red men that all fear from them was at an end. They did not look to their arms, for were they not at peace with the Red men?

The wretch O-pec-han-ca-nough was so mild and sweet to them, while he laid plans with the tribes,

some of whom ate at their tables and slept in their beds, to put them off their guard. When the vile plot was ripe, they went to work at their deeds of



AT PEACE WITH THE RED MAN.

blood. They would go to a house as if to trade, and fall with knife on the large and small ere a cry could come from their lips.

But one of the Red men had some sense of the good done him by a white man, who had taught him how to read, to pray, and to love God. He told this friend, Mr. Pace, of the plot in time to save him. Mr. Pace at once ran to a boat and went to James-town, woke up the Gov-er-nor and had help sent out. The call to arms sent the base In-dians to flight, and by that means some homes and lives were left to build up Vir-gin-ia in the time to come.

If they had but sought blood for blood in this sad hour, nor left one of the Red men, all would have been well. But they must have lost heart and pluck. They left their farms and schools and workshops in sheer fright and came to one place to stay. Some of them would not try once more, but soon set sail for the old home.

When the news of this fate got there all Eng-land felt so bad that at once ship loads of stores were sent. And King James wept, 'tis said, and made haste to lend those left some rust-worn arms. I do not think his tears were from the heart, for he did his best to take from those who had spent so much time, cash, and care to make Vir-gin-ia what it was, the laws they had made to suit their new way of life, and kept them in what we might say "a fine mess"—they could not call him a friend, for he gave them no help from his own cash box. Kings think

they have a right to take all they can, but need not give of their own stores.

The plan-ters now knew they could not trust the Red men. They soon made up their minds that one safe way to live here was to strike back as they had been struck. We read that the poor Red man had a hard time of it from this time on. The whites drove them from their camps and took their grain, and did to the fierce Red men just as they had been done by. It was war to the knife, and the Red men at last got the worst of it. Was it not their own fault?

To stand on guard for dear life in this way, made men keen to stand up for the rights thus bought. Each man felt in him the nerve to throw off the yoke of a King. So when King James saw he could not bend them to his will by foul means, he put on a sweet face and said they could do just as they thought best, as long as they sent him his share of what they made.

So they went on with their to-bac-co trade, had fine crops, and now felt like free men with dear homes and grand hopes.

CHAPTER V.

IN the year 1625 King James died. Charles I., his son, then came to the throne. He let the Vir-gin-ians have their own laws. He saw that they were true to their King in their own way. They made towns, shires, and spread wealth with their keen plans and brave toil. Why should he make strife in the mind of good will?

The fame of Vir-gin-ia, with its new peace, fair laws, and fine soil, brought to her shores one thousand more em-i-grants at this time, so we can see that the land is bound to stay the white man's home.

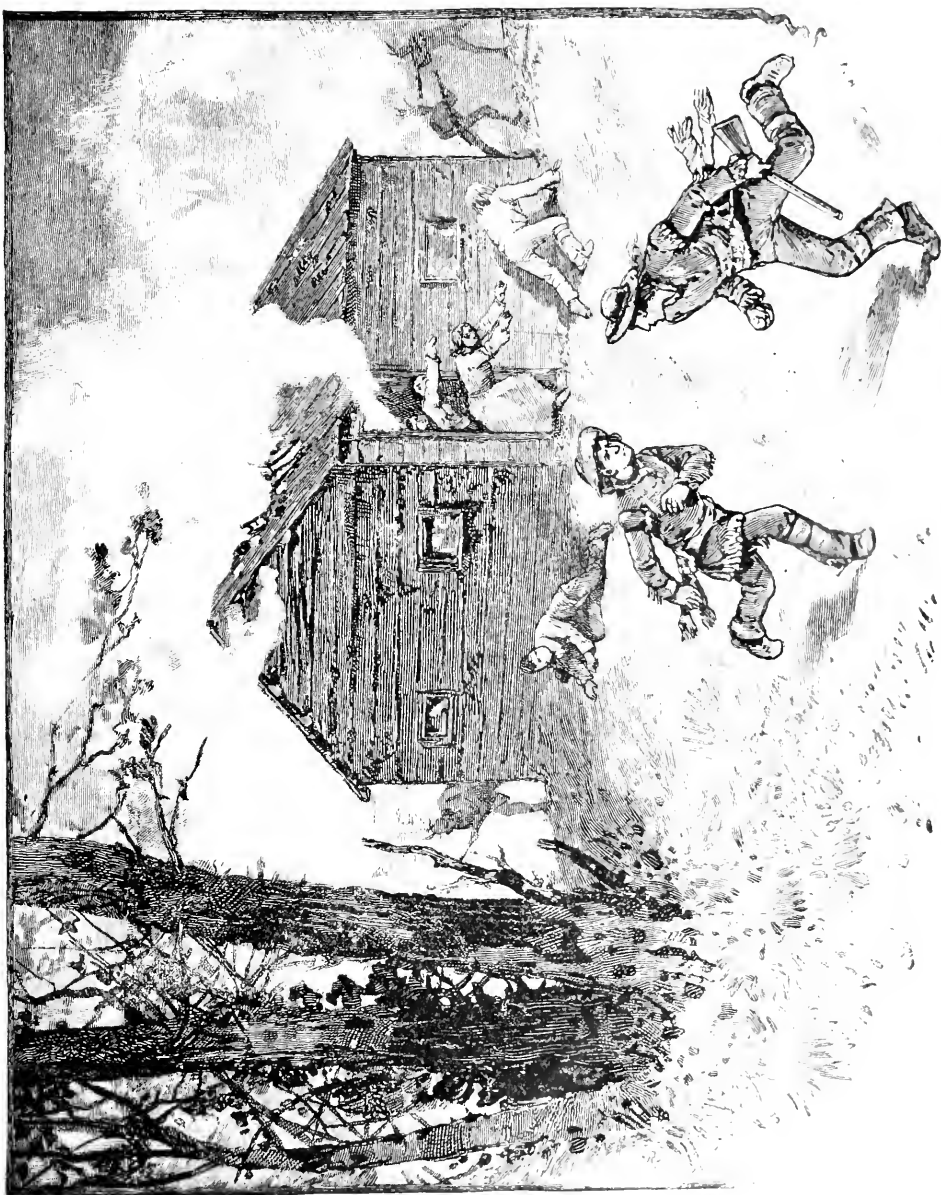
One thing more I must tell ; then we will turn to the great strife with the Old Land.

In 1629 the King sent a man to be Gov-er-nor, who was not to the taste of our bright Vir-gin-ians. He was a proud, bad man. His greed was so great that he would take what was not his own. For sums of gold he took the land from those who had a right to it and gave it to the new men who had just come. That is but one of his vile tricks. The Vir-gin-ians would not stand that, I can tell you. They did not long bear with a King No. 2, as this Sir

John Har-vey tried to be. They told him he should not rule them. He thought they would not dare to put him from his self-made throne, as he was sent by the King to do as he saw fit. But they made things so warm for him that he, in a vast rage, set sail for Eng-land, to tell his "wrongs" to the King.

With great joy they let him sail, and sent at the same time a true state of the case by men of their own views. Oh, how mad the King was! Not with his Sir Har-vey, but with those who had dared to "clear out" the man he, the King, had sent. Why, they might as well tell the King to move on. This would not do. Har-vey was sent back. They had to bear his rule. But mind you, in their hearts there now grew the plant on which they fed. It gave them strength, and those who were born from them, to be brave in the face of what had to come. Sir Har-vey soon left the scene. One more thing it will please you to know of that time. Coins were not in use as we use them. To-bac-co took the place. When crops were so good that this plant did not bring what it did when it was scarce, they burnt some, so that the rest would bring the price they had to have, that they could live and not go in debt.

We are not quit of that wretch, O-pec-han-canough. When he got so old he could not walk, he was the soul of a plan to kill the whites that were



O-PLC-HAN-CA-NOUGH'S LAST BAD DEED.

some miles from large towns. He and his tribes did slay and burn, but the whites were in trim to meet them this time, and the blood shed was not so great. From this time on they were on guard night and day. But it was hard lines for the poor Red man too. The more white men that came, the less of the land that was once their own was left for them. The white man shot his game, cut down his trees, laid claim to his corn-hills, and left him no spot for the wig-wam of his squaws.

The fate of the old chief was not grand. When the whites beat him back, his fine war-riors fled, and he was left to the white foe. He could not run, he could not see, for the strength to lift his eyelids had left him in his old age.

When he was led to Sir Wil-liam Berke-ley, who was Gov-er-nor then, his tongue would not tell what he thought. His head was held as high as the poor old weak chief could get it.

What would have been done to him by a just court who can say, for he was shot in the back by a man whose home he had burned, and whose wife and child had been slain.

We now leave Vir-gin-ia in the hands of Sir Wil-liam Berke-ley. He was just in his rule in so far as he thought he was right. But he had no

views that were not true to the King and the faith of the King—the Church of Eng-land. So those who came to Vir-gin-ia with hopes and faith not like the King's, did not fare well.

So it came to pass when King Charles I. lost his head, and Crom-well's rule was in force, that Vir-gin-ians did not bend their heads to him as quick as "Noll" thought they should. He sent war ships at once to bring them to terms. But our proud Vir-gin-ians had a word to say as well. They said it, too. They told him he might rule in his own way in Eng-land if the folks there let him ; he could rule here as well, but—Ah, it was one thing to rule, and one thing to make laws and fix tax rates ; Vir-gin-ians knew best what was right and just—if Mr. "Noll" had their good at heart, he would let them be as they were—and they would make oath that they were now part of the great COM-MON-WEALTH. This was the name by which the rule of Crom-well was known.

They had their way in this much at least ; but at heart they were still King's men. Vir-gin-ia held out her arms to those who had to fly from Eng-land, for these were sad times for the friends of the throne. They came here to weep for the dead Charles, and sent cheer and hope to his son, Charles II., who had no place to call his own, who did not dare to

show his face in Eng-land, for fear his foes would hunt him to death. In this dark hour, word came to him where he was hid in Flan-ders, that Vir-gin-ia had a ship at hand, so that he could come there—to that part of his king-dom where men were still true to him who was now their King.

Charles II. was thus King of Vir-gin-ia, though he had not been made King of Eng-land yet.

But the crown soon came to him. So glad was he for the love and trust shown him by Vir-gin-ians that he had a robe made of silk spun in Vir-gin-ia. This he wore on the day he first sat on the Eng-lish throne. Then he had the coat of arms of Vir-gin-ia put on the shield with the roy-al arms of Eng-land, Ire-land, and Scot-land. This firm stand by the old do-min-ion of kings gave to Vir-gin-ia the name "Old Do-min-ion State," that clings to it still.

I wish I could tell you Charles II.'s thanks were so deep that his rule was one to be proud of.

It was not. He had great need of funds. The style of his reign had need of a full cash box. The young world must give more and more. Then the fine King, who had pets he thought ought to be rich, gave them vast grants of land; in fact, one day, when in a gay mood, he gave to two of his chief pets the whole of Vir-gin-ia to hold and reap from for thir-ty-one years.

A free hand had this dear King. Did the Virgin-ians like meek sheep walk out of their homes and let the King's pets walk in ?

Oh, no. But there was woe in store for them. The Governor, a true blue King's man, was all for the King. There were forty thousand souls here at this time, and more than a few of these were just a bit for self, and the land and homes the King with a stroke of his pen would rob them of.

To stand up for their rights is the right of all men ; but there must be a guide, a head, to plan and lead, so that some will not go this way and some that, and none reach the end in view. One must be bold and strong to make a dash and break a new way, to lift men out of old ruts, and give them pluck to rush the new road with you.

It seems as if there are men born to fit the needs of just such times as Virginia is come to now—to shake up minds and give life to a new line of thought. A young man not quite thirty years of age, by name Na-than-iel Ba-con, is the one to set men's souls in a flame and shake the heart of King's men.

He came to the front like a flash. He was of English birth and of near kin to Lord Cul-pepper. He had the gifts that won the hearts of men. He was soon made one of the Council. The place

where the best men were sent to make the laws for those who sent them. His lands and home were



NA-THAN-IEL BA-CON.

known as the Curles Plan-tation, on the James Riv-er, near Hen-ri-cus-town, where the Red men

had a fine chance to creep up, with no guard at hand to watch them. The In-dians had more than once done great harm with knife and torch in all these years, and Ba-con had fought them in so brave a way, that the Vir-gin-ians who were not King's men thought he was just the man to lead a war on the sly Red foe, to whip them so that an end would be made to their blood-shed, and the white man feel safe for a time at least.

To give him this right, he had to get a com-mis-sion from the Gov-er-nor. He asked for it in vain. One night the Red foe struck at Ba-con's home, took the scalps of some of his work-men, and set out to burn towns and kill more whites.

Ba-con rose up and swore he would stop this wrong in spite of Gov-er-nor or King's Coun-cil. At the head of a big force he set out. They found the foe in camp on a hill not far from where the Ci-ty of Rich-mond now stands.

Then was fought the Bat-tle of Blood-y Run. It got this name from the streams of blood that ran down the hill, through which the white men had to wade, with fierce blows, to rout and take the In-dians still left.

With no great loss of life to his own men, and a host of cap-tive Red fiends, Ba-con and his force came back to James-town.

CHAPTER VI.

WOULD you not think that Sir Wil-liam Berkeley ought to have had joy bells rung, and come out in great state to thank Ba-con and his brave men? But bless you, no such thing took place!

What right had Ba-con to make war on friend or foe, since he, the King's Gov-er-nor, did not give him leave?

What, had things come to such a pass as this? Sir Wil-liam was in a fine rage. He would soon quell this hand-ful of rash men. He had quite a shock when he found not a "hand-ful," but a grand mass of men up in arms to take Ba-con's part.

Sir Wil-liam was a wise man. He did not fight just then. It was not as safe as he had thought. He would stroke the mad men down, and bide his time. "If you wish to change the face of things in my gov-ern-ment, why, you dear folks, do you not change it? E-lect new men to do your will," said he.

They did so at once, and one of the men they chose was our bright young Ba-con, who had been the first to act his own sweet will, and made war on the Red foe in spite of Sir Wil-liam.

Worse and worse. If this state of mind was not put down, how would it end for the King's Governor? That bold man Ba-con must be caught in a trap and shut up; this would stop the strife.

A plan was made, the head of the reb-els caught and led to Sir Wil-liam. Would he have him shot, cut his head off, chain him for life—this young man who was so full of hot blood that he set the whole land in a flame to dare the King's law?

A hush was on the mass of men who had their eyes on the scene. Young Ba-con did not flinch. The proud old King's man was face to face with him. Sir Wil-liam, no doubt, would like to have sent him to the guard-house in chains, but he did not dare; to glare at Ba-con did not hurt him, and Ba-con knew well how to glare back. At last Sir Wil-liam said:

“Mr. Ba-con, are you a gen-tle-man?”

“May it please you, sir, I am,” said Ba-con.

“Then I will not lock you up,” said Sir Wil-liam.

This meant that Ba-con might be free to breathe the air, but should not leave the town.

One day the Coun-cil met, and Sir Wil-liam Berke-ley once more had Ba-con brought to him.

“Mr. Ba-con,” said he, “if you will live in peace, like a good man, you shall be free to go your way; but you must first bide here till I see you mean to

do no more harm ; then will I give you a com-mis-sion as Gen-er-al of the In-dian wars..”

More than this Ba-con or his friends did not ask in the first place, so Ba-con gave his word.

But time went by, and Sir Wil-liam did not keep his word ; the next thing he heard was that Ba-con had fled. He had gone to join his men, and was on his way, at their head, to lead them on James-town.

Sir Wil-liam’s troops were not in such grand form that they could drive them out, so the Ba-con-ites took the town, and with beat of drums went to the State house. Sir Wil-liam and the King’s Coun-cil came out to meet them. In wild rage the Gov-er-nor tore the lace from his breast and cried : “ Here ! Shoot ! Shoot me ! Be-fore God a fine mark am I to shoot at ! ”

Right calm then said young Ba-con : “ No, may it please your Hon-or, we will not hurt a hair of your head. We are come for that com-mis-sion to save our lives from the In-dians, and now we will have it ! ”

“ Yes, have it we will ! ” came like a shout of rage from all.

If Ba-con had in that hour said the word they would have shot down King’s man and Coun-cil. The end of this scene was that Ba-con was made

Gen-er-al-in-Chief of Vir-gin-ia—to make war on the In-dians—and some who were not In-dians. He did not give Vir-gin-ians cause to take back their trust in him, it is said.

In the mean-time the Gov-er-nor had but to bide his time. When the coast was clear of Ba-con, who had gone to drive off the Red foe, Sir Wil-liam once more pro-claimed him and his friend and troops “reb-els and trai-tors.”

“So!” said Ba-con, when he heard it. “Must I go back to slay the white fox first?”

And back he came. Vir-gin-ians rose as one mass to stand by him. They wrote their griefs to the King, while the Gov-er-nor went to York to get help to crush the Ba-con-ites. Now said Ba-con, “You must swear to stand by me and fight the King’s troops here till we shall hear from the King.”

That was, to be sure, right down rash talk. If they should fail, and Sir Wil-liam and his troops win, up would they go with a rope, the less brave ones said.

Just then a cry fell on their ears: “The In-dians! the In-dians are on us!”

Large and small ones, wife, child, and kin fled to the fort for aid. The mass did not now wait long. Quick Ba-con had their word, and just as quick he was on the heel of the fierce Red foe.

Thus the young world was up in arms to fight the old just one hundred years ere the time her yoke was quite cast off. A new form of government was made. Hope for fair times grew strong with all.

“What if a fleet of war ships are sent from England to crush us,” was the dread cry of some one.

“I care not a that for England!” said Dame Drummond, the brave wife of a brave man, as she took up a stick, with a mad snap broke it in two, and cast it from her.

But while Bacon was on the Indian war-path, Sir William Berkeley came with seven-teen ships and one thousand men—once more James-town was in the hands of the King’s men. Back comes young Bacon. He laid a nice plot for Sir William, to bring that true King’s man to terms. He, in some way, had the wives of the head men of Sir Berkeley’s side, with Lady Berkeley, brought to his camp. Then Bacon sent word to Sir Berkeley that his wife and her friends would serve his men as a shield. To fire at him they must send the shot through the breast of their dames.

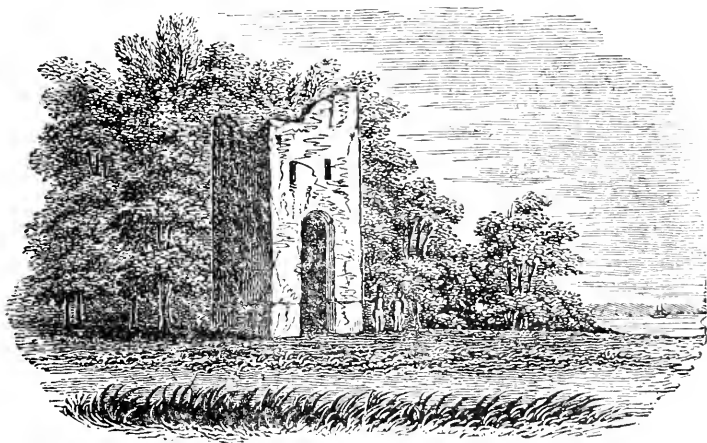
What rage and woe there was in the Berkeley camp!

“So our dear dames must serve as white guards to this ‘fiend and his black-guards,’” the poor men could but moan. What was left for them to do but

save their wives and leave the coast clear for the cute foe?

Sir Wil-liam and his troops did not give up their cause. Ba-con heard he was on his way with more men to take the town. "Well," said he, "we will burn it, so they can find no place to lodge when they get here."

This was done, and the strife kept up in the face



OLD TOW-ER AT JAMES-TOWN.

of the King's troops. They had a hard time with Ba-con's men. What the end would have been, who can tell, had not Ba-con, the head and soul of this stand for man's rights, been laid low in death.

'Tis said the King's men gave him poi-son to be

rid of him, while some say he caught his death of cold got in rain and storm at the head of his troops. Be that as it may, you can think of him as a fine young soul who had in his veins the flame from which sprung that grand truth, then not known, that men need no prince or king to rule them or make their laws. We are all kings by the grace of brains, if we do the best we can with such brains as God gives to us.

Bacon's corpse was sunk in the James River where his foes could not find it. With this rash, brave soul out of his way, Sir Berkeley rose in all his strength to crush the "reb-els." The noose and rope did the work well for him. Men were strung up on all sides. Their lands Sir Berkeley gave to his own friends. His wrath was so great that he lost sight of what was just, and did some right mean things.

The girls of those days were not less brave than the men, I can tell you, to judge by the kind of wives they made.

Dame Cheese-man, the wife of one of Bacon's men, stood up proud and strong when Sir Berkeley said to her good man, in fierce tones: "Why did you make war on me and the King?"

"'Twas I that set him on." Then she knelt down to pray that Sir Berkeley might hang her and

let her good man go—since she was the cause of his crime.

I do not know, but Sir Berke-ley may have hung them both. He was a right mad man, and said some words to her that blot his name to this day on the page of time.

Poor man! he was all for the King; but, when sick at heart with his hard lines in Vir-gin-ia, he set sail for Eng-land, and left these shores while joy bells were rung to see him go, he found poor thanks when he got to the King's door, for all he had borne and done for him. The King would not see him!

Sir Wil-liam's heart was broke. One year from the time of Ba-con's death, in Ju-ly 1677, Sir Berke-ley was laid to rest.

Watch and work is the tale of Vir-gin-ians for years. They were true to the King when the King let them bide by their own laws.

So far the young had not found much chance to learn. There were but two large schools in Vir-gin-ia, in 1691. Then a Mr. Blair went to Eng-land to ask for the right, and aid as well, to build a col-lege.

It was in the reign of Wil-liam and Ma-ry, who at once said Mr. Blair should have the funds and right (Char-ter). But Eng-land was at war, and the At-tor-ney-Gen-er-al said they had need of all the

funds at home. The college was to be a school in which young men could learn to preach. The General did not wish the King and Queen to grant Mr. Blair's wish, as he did not see the use of such a school.

"We have souls to save in Vir-gin-ia as well as you have here," said Mr. Blair.

"Souls to save! D—n your souls! Make to-bac-co!" said the well bred Gen-er-al.

(Life wife.). Dose (dose hose lose nose rose).

Use (use mule). Else. Bate date fate gate

hate late mate pate rate. Bite kite mite rite.

Dore mote note vote. Lute mule. Cave have

pave rave save wave. Dive five hive (give live

five). Rove (dove love) (move). Gaze maze.

Size.

More easy Lessons on the foregoing Tables, consisting of Words not exceeding Four Letters.

LESSON I.

GOD doth mind all that we say and do.

This Life is not long; but the Life to come has no End.

We must love them that do not love us, as well as them that do love us.

We must pray for them that hate us.

PAGE FROM AN OLD SCHOOL-BOOK.

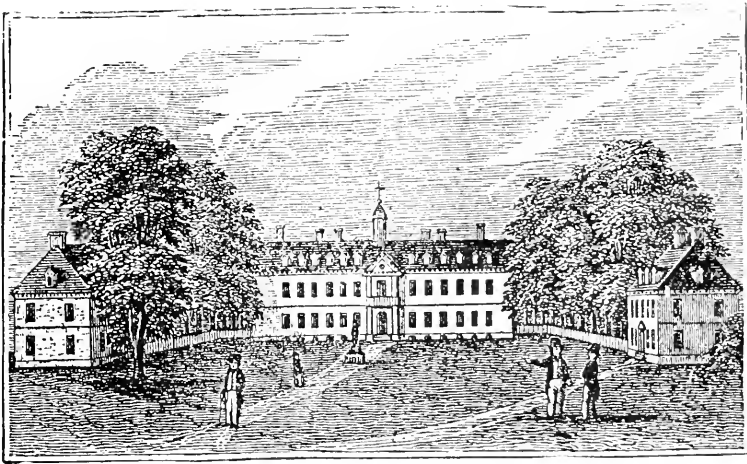
But our Mr. Blair got his charter all the same, and was made the first Pres-i-dent of "Wil-liam and Ma-ry Col-lege," the well known U-ni-ver-sity of Vir-gin-ia, 1700.

It was burnt down in 1705, but soon built up once more. The last time it was the toy of fierce flames, was in 1862. It came up grand as of old, to be now, and in the time to come, as it has been in the past, the brain school of Vir-gin-ians that stand out on the best page of the book in which we write the deeds and

thoughts we are proud of, and the names of men who have made fame for this grand, free land.

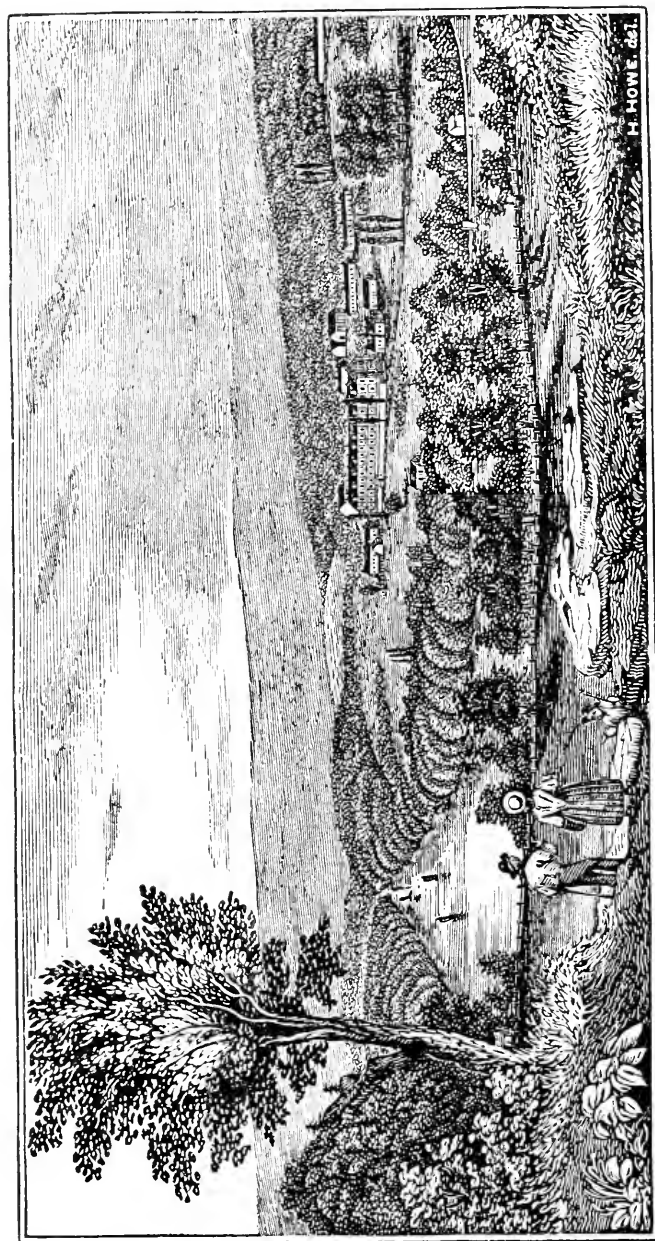
CHAPTER VII.

ONE of the best Gov-er-nors of Vir-gin-ia was Col-o-nel Al-ex-an-der Spots-wood. In his time the Scotch, I-rish, and Dutch came in great ship loads to make their homes in the sweet vale of the Shen-



WIL-LIAM AND MA-RY COL-LEGE, WIL LIAMS-BURG, VIR-GIN-IA.

an-do-ah. It was Spots-wood who led the way to the heights of the Blue Ridge, where white man's foot had not trod un-til his bold move in 1716.



SHAN-NON-DALE SPRINGS, WITH A VIEW OF THE BLUE RIDGE.

What a feast for the eyes must have been this first view of the grand wave of land that met their sight when they got to the top.

There must be in some of the old homes in Virginia a small gold horse-shoe, on which the words may be seen — *Sic jurat transcendere montes.* (Thus he swears to cross the mountain.) The King had such a keepsake made for

Spots-wood, and he made him Sir Knight at the same time, when he came back to tell of his ride and what he had found. Spots-wood had a gold horse-shoe made just like his own for each of the men who were with him on the wild trip.

The girl or boy who is heir to one of these old keep-sakes may feel a just sense of pride.

The fame of Col-o-nel Spots-wood's new find, of land soon spread from place to place, and brought to the vale and hills Dutch from Penn-syl-va-nia, who had an eye for fine rich soil; in this way the smart Dutch came to build homes in some of the choice spots of Vir-gin-ia. But the great flow of folks to this part came from the Old Land, through the bright thought born in the long head of a Scotch-I-rish-man by the name John Lew-is. He and a man by the name of Mack-ey heard of the vale so rich in bloom, where one had but to claim a spot and till the soil to be at once a rich man.

Lew-is at once hit on a fine rich grant of one hun-dred thou-sand a-cres, that he could have if he brought one hun-dred men and their wives to build up a set-tle-ment. This he did. They were most all Scotch-I-rish of the best kind, from whom are sprung a race of men we may well be glad to breathe the air of a free land with.

And what praise is too great for the wives and

girls of that race! Shall you blush for them when I tell you how they set to work with their own hands to build their house of God—the church where they might hear His word, and where they could go to sing and pray on Lord's Day?

While the men and boys did their share, the wives and girls with hearts in a flame with the zeal of their faith, brought the sand, sack by sack, six miles. The brave wife would fill a sack and put it on the back of a horse and ride with it to the spot where the men were at work, with stone, to build the walls.

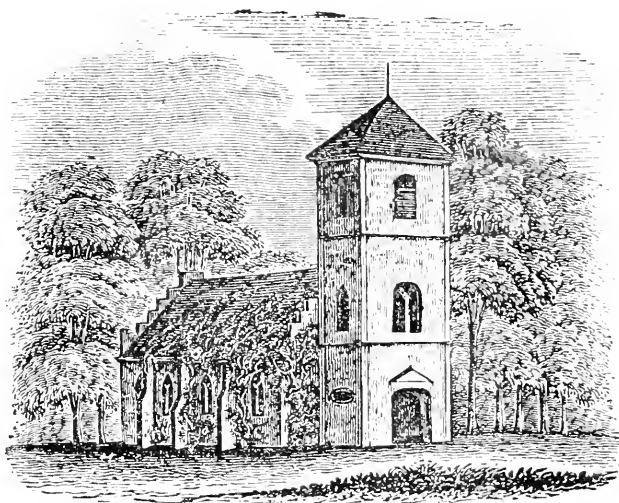
I think I see the bright eyes of some of the girls who read this flash, not with scorn, but joy, that she is of the sex who have done this. Those brave girls had sons in the time to come, and these were the men who gave their lives, when they went hence to war for an e-ter-nal right to live free from rule of king or queen.

And when the Lord's house was built, folks came from far and wide to take there the Lord's Sup-per. Doors were flung wide for days in all homes, and the best of the fruits of the land, of the stock, of the field, was set free to all who came from a-far to this feast of thanks to God.

These were the Pres-by-te-ri-ans of the old Vir-gin-ia days. They were here free to serve Him in their

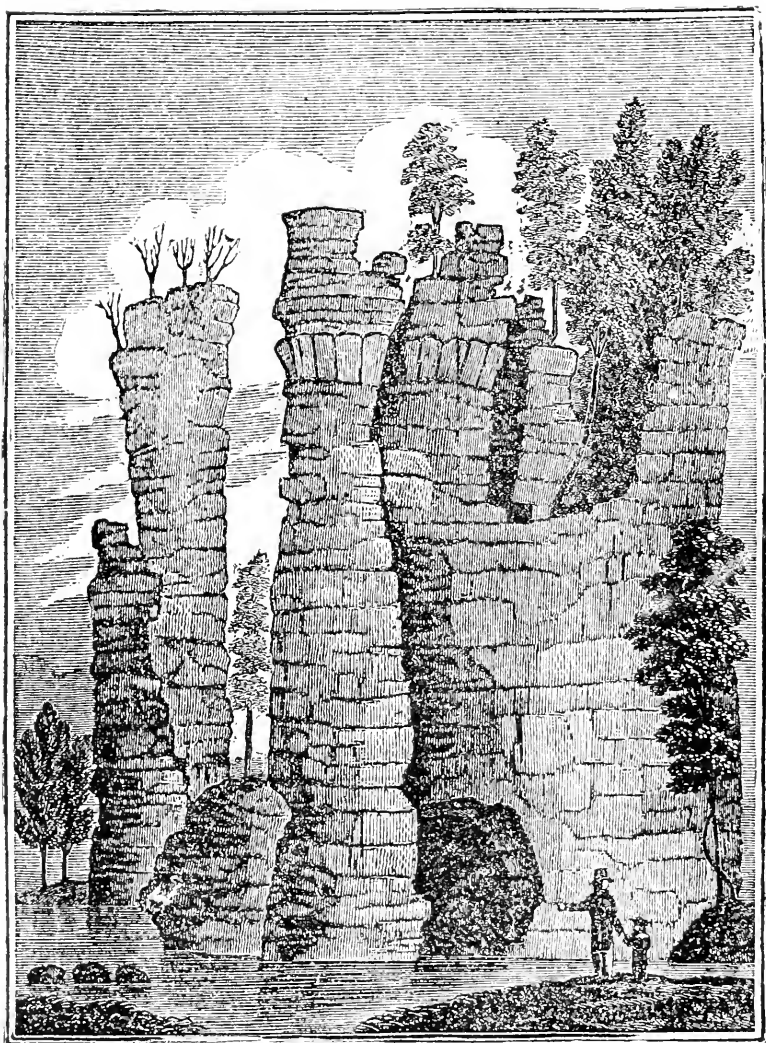
faith, for the sake of which they had to leave the Old Land of their youth; though 'tis said that John Lew-is had to leave Ire-land, not for his faith so much as that he had to leave for a shot at a bad land-lord. And the shot was made with a good aim, it seems, for the bad land-lord fell—to rise no more. There is truth in the “sur-vi-val of the fit-test,” or, the best

shall live on; for the Lew-is stock lives yet in fine style, but the I-rish land-lord has a hard time to make his way, and at times is known to fall by the way-side, just as John Lew-is' did more than one hun-dred and



CHURCH NEAR SMITH-FIELD, SAID TO HAVE BEEN BUILT
IN 1635.

fif-ty years since. Some of the sons of John Lew-is fell in a grand cause of war. When he was quite an old man he stood at a port-hole, with his girl Mar-ga-ret by his side, to re-load his gun, and sent shot on shot at the Red men who came to burn his and oth-er homes while on the war-path in the vale.

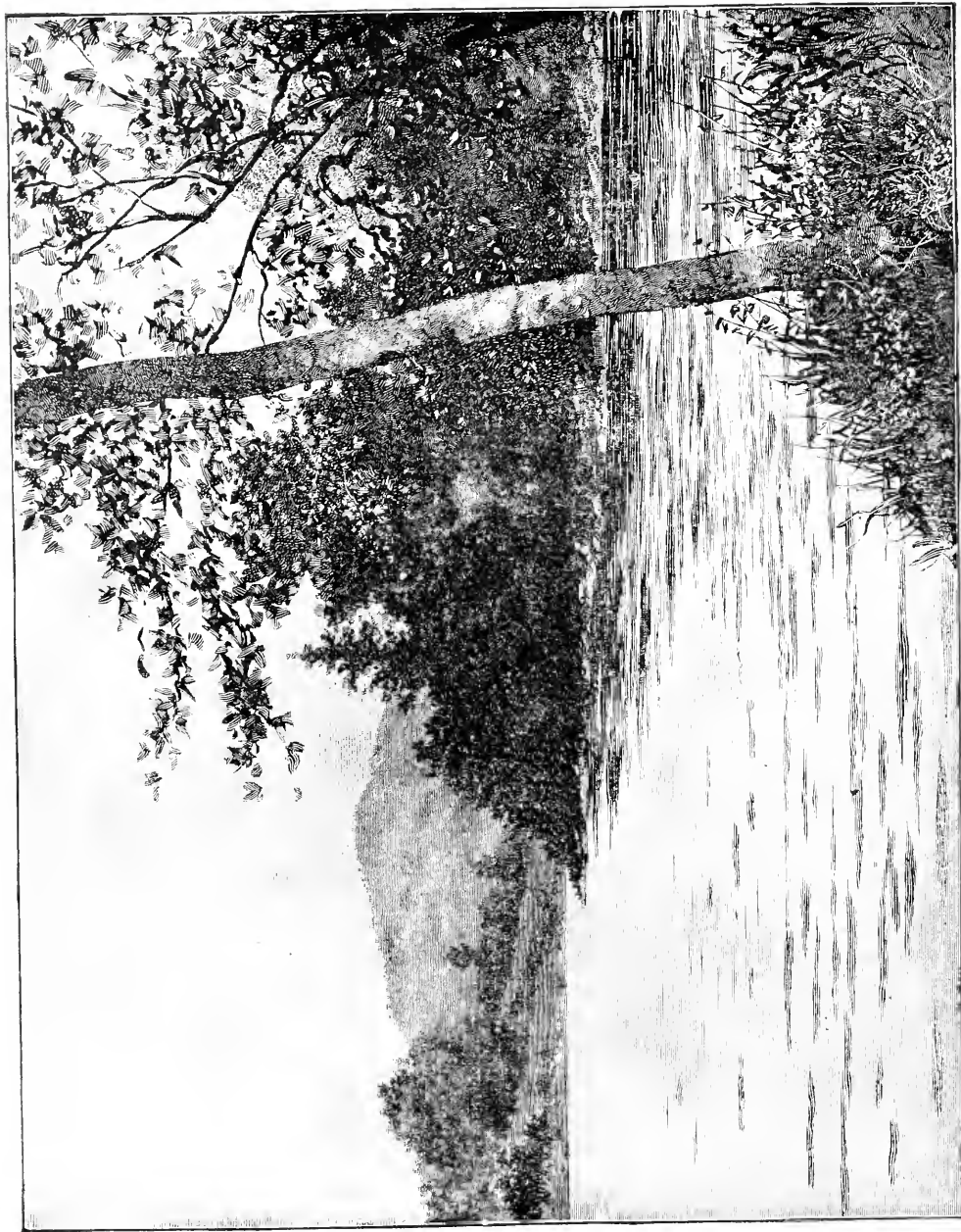


The Gen-er-al Lew-is you read of in his-to-ry was one of his sons.

A grand-son who was sick in bed at the time of our dear land's first call to arms in the Rev-o-lu-tion, had sons to take his place. His wife, a dame of true soul, bade these young men (for they were but 13, 15, and 17 years old at the time): "Go, my boys, I'll spare not one of you to be the staff of our old days. Go, my coun-try needs you! Keep back the foot of the ty-rant from the soil of Au-gus-ta (the coun-ty where their home stood), or see my face no more!"

When Wash-ing-ton was told of this sweet dame his eyes were in a glow of pride. "Ah," he cried, "leave me but a flag to plant on the hills of Au-gus-ta, and I'll bring to it the men who will lift our land from the dust, and set her free!"

Mack-ey, who came to the vale with Lew-is, did not find time to grow rich and make a name; he was too fond of his gun and long tramps through the woods and dells; but a Mr. Ben-ja-min Bur-den, who met Lew-is and went with him to his home, had a fine time with his gun and friend. One day they caught a young buf-fa-lo. This kind of "game" was new to the part of Vir-gin-ia where Bur-den came from, so he thought he would take it to Wil-liams-burg as a gift to the Gov-er-nor. This pet



VIEW ON THE SHEN-AN-DO-AH.

gave Gov-er-nor Gooch so much joy, that he was not loath to hear what Bur-den had to say of the place from whence this rare wild beast came. The end of it was that Bur-den got a vast grant of land on the James Riv-er, and by the Shen-an-do-ah; and on these lands Bur-den soon had more than one hun-dred men with their wives and boys and girls from Eng-land, Ire-land, and Scot-land.

Some of the best names in the his-to-ry of our land were born of this stock.

A girl by the name of Pol-ly Mul-hol-lin, who came at this time, had rare grit. She saw that one of her sex had not much chance to make her way to wealth. She put on men's clothes like a woods-man, and like a man made her claims to some land in Bur-den's grant. Here she built thir-ty cab-ins. This gave her the right to own one hun-dred a-cres for each. That is, there was a rule that those who built a home had a right to so much land. It was known as "Cab-in rights."

When the time came for deeds to these rights or claims to be made out, the men who had that to do thought it strange that such a lot of Mul-hol-lins had claims. But they thought it still more queer when they found that there was but one Mul-hol-lin, and that one a girl!

It is said that there was no red clo-ver in Vir-

gin-ia till Lew-is came. The white kind grew wild in the fields and on the banks of streams. Lew-is brought red clo-ver seed from his old home, and set it out where it grew so fast that it spread to all the farms he had claims on.

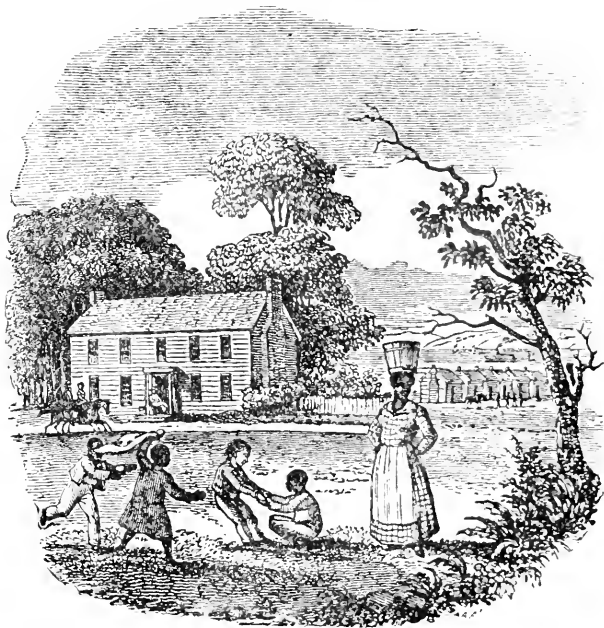
The In-dians of course saw that a change had come to their well known white clo-ver. And they at once said that the blood of the Red men slain by Lew-is and his friends had left a stain on Lew-is' ground that would to the end of time dye all his sweet clo-ver with the shade of his crimes.

The Red men did not stop to think that they were the ones to strike the first blow. If the Lew-is-es had not shot back and shed the blood of their Red foes—what then? Still, it was hard lines for the In-dians. Who can blame them for their rage when they saw the white men spread out from end to end of their land, and change the sweet wild face of earth so that they did not know it. Back, back, step by step, the white man drove them from their own dear woods and plains, hills and vales. It makes me sad to write of it. But God meant that man should make the best use of His rich gift of earth, and he who works to that end must win. So the white man won.

The white man who did not make wise use of his skill and chance in those days met the fate of the

Red, as you will see. Mack-ey, who came with Lew-is, spent his time in play, and left not a trace of his works on the page of time; while Bur-den and Lew-is live in those who to this day bless them for the homes he made for their use.

One of the nice tales told of an I-rish man and his wife, who came to work on the farm of a Ger-man man by the name of Strode, I must tell right here. The I-rish were not long here when a son was born to them. It was such a nice, good babe that the Strodes got to love it as if it was their own. When the child was some months old its pa and ma heard that they could do well in North Car-o-li-na, and so made up their minds to go there. The Strodes were in great grief to part with the babe, but the I-rish, of course, would not part with their wee boy. When at last they set out, a child of



A HOME IN EAST-ERN VIR-GIN-IA BE-FORE THE WAR.

the Strodes ran as fast as it could on the heels of the wife who had the babe in her arms. When they got in the woods far from the farm, the babe was laid down, and the man and wife made a stop to rest. The place was by a large tree, where in the



THE STRODE ROGUE.

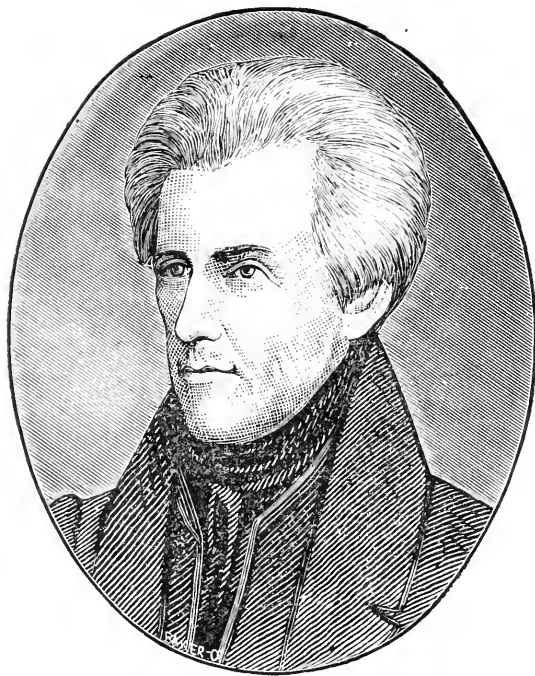
shade the man and wife made halt to take a short noon-day nap. The Strode child hid back of a tree till she thought it safe to pounce on her pet.

All was still. The babe slept. The tired big folks were in the land of nod too. Quick as wink the Strode rogue made a grab for the babe and ran like a deer, face to the farm. But its ma was quite as quick, you may guess, and soon had her boy safe on her breast. If she gave the small thief of sweet babes a box on the ear we could not blame her. She may not have, for it must have done her heart good to see the love they bore her boy.



MR. JACK-SON BRINGS AN-DREW HOME.

The man, wife, and child got to North Car-o-li-na. The boy grew to be a fine man, so true to what he thought was fair and right, that no one could turn him from his way, and at last his friends gave him the name of "Old Hick-o-ry,"—but his foes said he was like a mule.



Andrew Jackson

This was Gen-er-al An-drew Jack-son, sev-enth Pres-i-dent of our land.

An old Vir-gin-ia dame tells me, that the Strodes kept the babe till the Jack-sons found a place to suit them in North Car-o-li-na, when Mr. Jack-son came and took An-drew home. But the facts are as I have told you. Mrs. Jack-son kept the to-be Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States with her, and the Strodes saw him no more.

PART SECOND.

THE REVOLUTIONISTS.

CHAPTER I.

You must now make use of those good eyes in your mind. You will see how homes were built on new grants of land, and how towns were laid out, and plans for ci-ties made the face of Vir-gin-ia soil take on the lines of time, that tell of man's thoughts and works.

Streets, squares, and long roads now run from town to town. Fields give out their wealth of food for man and beast. The House of God and the schools spring up with the growth of each coun-ty. But while the land thrives, the men had to be on their guard all the time, to keep their scalps safe on their heads. The Red men were not quick to yield all this to the whites. Fierce wars were made from time to time, and when at last the whites, by strength of arms and skill, had the foe at bay, a new time of care rose like a threat in their face.

The Ca-na-di-an French had their eyes on the

fine lands of the Brit-ish col-o-nists for a long while. They gave the men in New York a big scare in 1692, but had their plans for their pains at that time. Since then they had built forts and crept so close, with their hopes to crowd the Brit-ish col-o-nists and rob them of their In-dian trade, that the Gov-er-nor thought it time to put a stop to their tricks.

The French had made friends of the Red men, who were glad of this chance to strike at the whites of Vir-gin-ia with the help of this white foe.

But the Vir-gin-ians had been hard at work in field and wood, and while the men grew such fine crops of to-bac-co and grain, and did their best to raise stock and train young colts, the brave wives in the house had their hands and hearts full of care, with the fine crop of boys and girls.

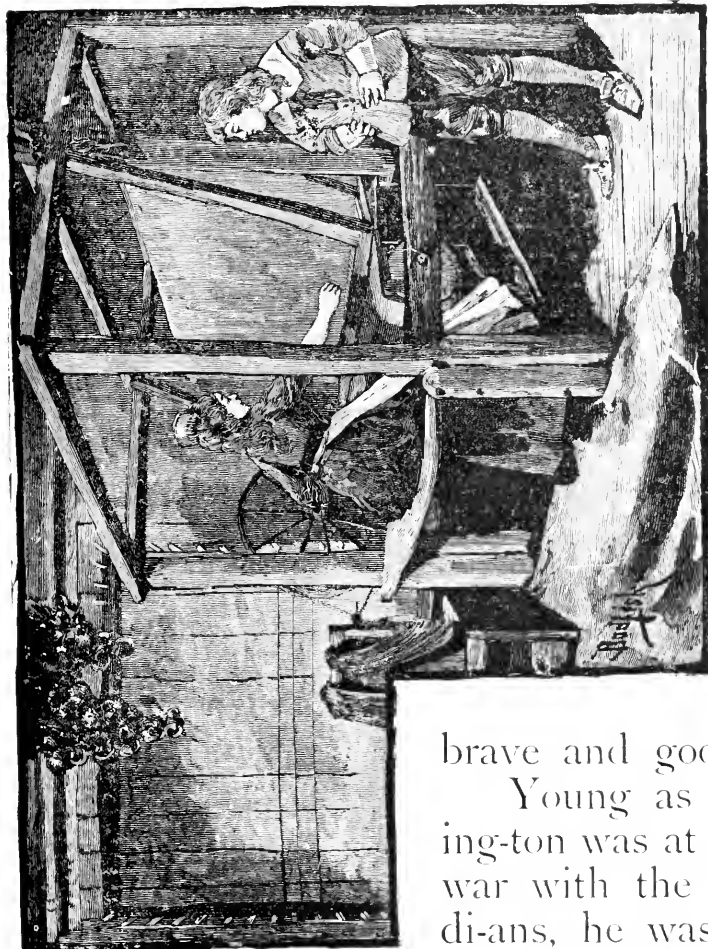
These young folks were born on Vir-gin-ia soil, and drank in with the sweet air a true, strong love for the land of their birth.

The first one of this grand crop of boys we have to deal with is George Wash-ing-ton.

We are come to the year 1753, and Gov-er-nor Din-wid-die is the head man at the time.

Wash-ing-ton is just twen-ty-one years old. His soul is full of pluck and flame; his mind high and pure. His ma had taught him how a boy ought to act, so that when he got to be a man he would not

have to blush for the mean things the boy had done. In that way he kept the page of his young life so



WEAV-ING.

clean, that when men came to write on it the deeds of his manhood, there was not one spot that they felt a wish to blot out.

I do not doubt but that he was just as full of pranks and fun as boys can be, and yet be

brave and good.

Young as George Washington was at the time of the war with the French Canadians, he was the one man who knew the land and woods well. He had gone up the Blue Ridge on foot to sur-vey the lands for Lord Fair-fax, who had been

his friend since George was six-teen years old. The



NAT-UR-AL BRIDGE, TWO HUN-DRED AND FIF-TEEN FEET HIGH.

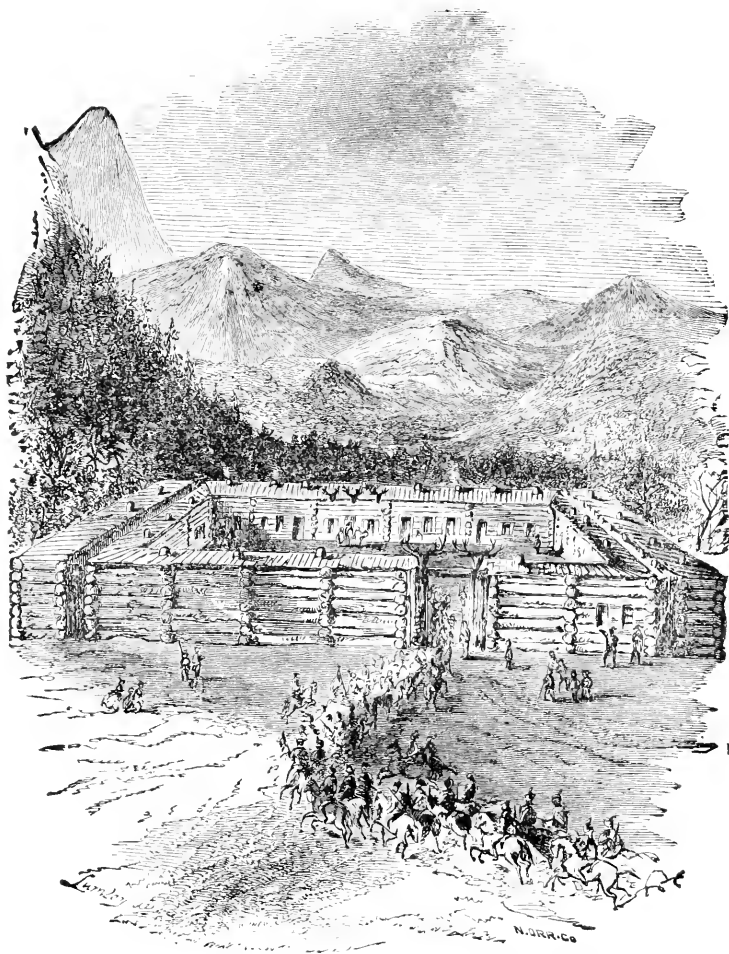
Gov-er-nor heard that he knew how to deal with the

Red men, as well as find his way through vales, hills, and woods, and that he could trust him to take such word as Din-wid-die must send to the French Com-man-dant de St. Pi-erre, who was near Lake E-rie, six hun-dred miles from Wil-liams-burg. Through wild lands, in the midst of Red and white foes, the youth and six or sev-en men went to tell the French chief that he must leave the soil on the O-hi-o; that it was Brit-ish claim, and the French must go at once, or there would be an end of peace.

St. Pi-erre said he would not budge for the Crown of Eng-land or Gov-er-nor of Vir-gin-ia. So George and his men had this word to bring back. But to get back was sore work. It was late in No-vem-ber. Frost, ice, rough winds, and strange paths to make their way through till each man found the horse he had left in the woods, was a task to try the best of pluck.

Wash-ing-ton found the poor brutes so weak from want of feed that he and one of his men led them as long as they could, then had to leave them, and make their way on foot. They slept on the earth at night, and shot game for their food. They had to ford the streams; and once they made a raft of logs on which to cross a deep stream, but it broke and threw them in the midst of great floats of ice. Wash-ing-ton and one man got back safe to Wil-

liams-burg. The rest had lost their lives on the way. This trip took six-teen weeks.

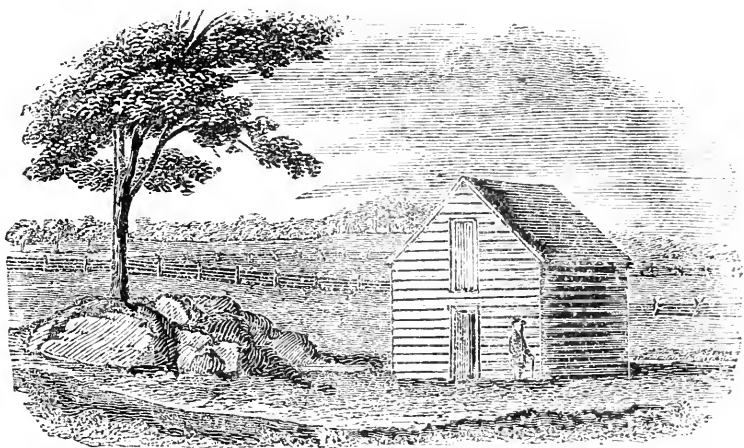


A BORDER FORT.

Wash-ington told the Gov-er-nor of the best place to build forts for the war that the Vir-gin-ians

saw was at hand to keep out the French from British land. The fame of one of these fortifications on the Mo-non-ga-he-la and Al-le-gha-ny has come down to our time.

Wash-ing-ton was now made Lieu-ten-ant Col-o-nel of a reg-i-ment of Vir-gin-ians with Col-o-nel Fry as Chief. They went to the forks of the O-hi-o, and built those forts I have just told of.

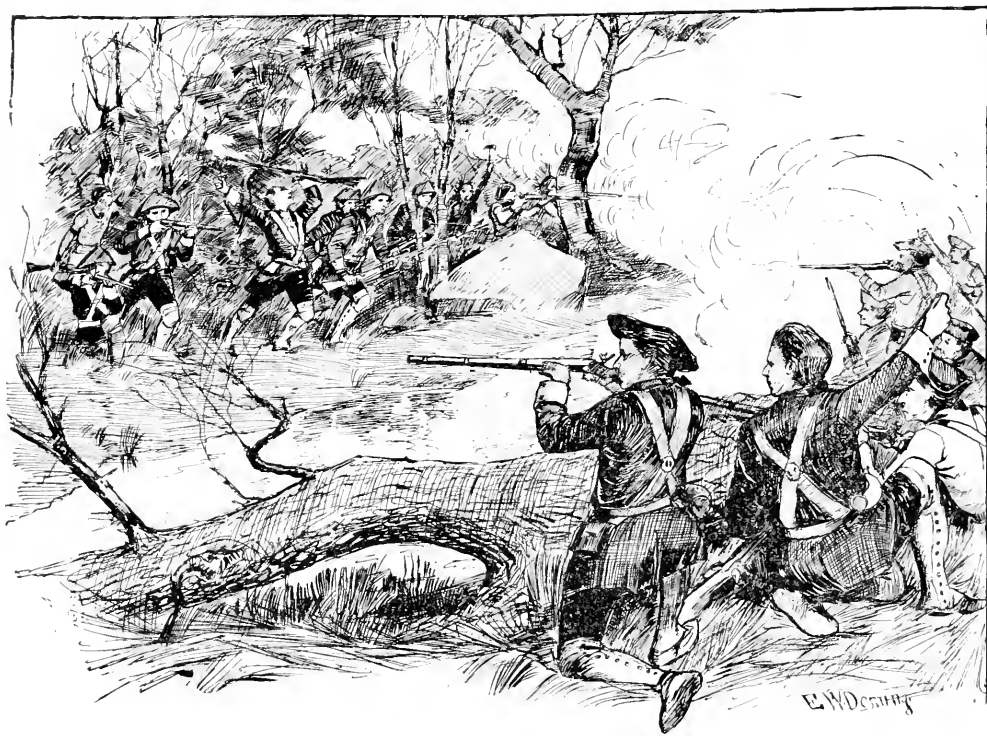


WASH-ING-TON'S OF-FICE AND LODG-INGS AT "SOL-DIER'S REST," IN CLARKE COUN-TV,
VIR-GIN-IA.

Thus the war was at hand, and the Vir-gin-ians took up arms for Great Bri-tain.

It was a grand school of rights for George Wash-ing-ton. In it he was taught how to stand brave when the hour came for them to fight for their birth-rights.

The first time they met the French at arms the foe won the day. The col-o-nists did not have such good arms, nor had they all the am-mu-ni-tion they were in need of, to keep back the French who had the Red man's help.



BAT-TLE OF GREAT MEAD-OWS.

This first fight in which Wash-ing-ton had a hand is known as the fight of Great Mead-ows.

How mad the folks in Eng-land were when they heard that the French had beat them! In great

haste they sent some of their best men at arms, with Gen-er-al Ed-ward Brad-dock at their head, to drive all the French from the whole land. When Brad-dock got here with his fine men and arms, he held his head quite high.

“Puh!” said he, “you poor, green, back-woods men do not know how to whip a foe; I’ll soon have the land clear of them!”

There was a call on all the Gov-er-nors to meet him at Al-ex-an-dri-a, on the Po-to-mac, where they made plans of war to drive out all those who did not hold their land as Brit-ish claims.

But Brad-dock thought he knew more of the roads and means of war-fare than all those who were born here. He would have his way, and his troops must take the front ranks, and march on the foe with such loads of stores and traps that they got stuck in the mud lots of times.

The Gen-er-al and his aids rode in a coach at the head of his men, as if they were just on a dress march in great style. It is said the foe stood on the heights, and when they saw them come on through mud and mire, were so full of fun at this court show on the way to the war, that they made of the scene a great joke.

Wash-ing-ton had got such a snub from the Gen-er-al, who had told him that he did not want to

hear what so “raw” a youth had to say on themes of war, that George went home to Mount Ver-non.

Brad-dock thought the fierce Red men and the French would run and hide as soon as Brad-dock and the King’s troops came in sight; so he set some of his own men in com-mand of the troops led by Wash-ing-ton. But the proud Eng-lish Gen-er-al soon found that he stood in sore need of the young Vir-gin-ian, and was glad to ask him to join him, which Wash-ing-ton did; but still the Gen-er-al would not hear how it might be best to fight in this land, and went on as if he were at war in Eng-land. His faith in the skill of the men he had brought made him look down on all “raw troops.”

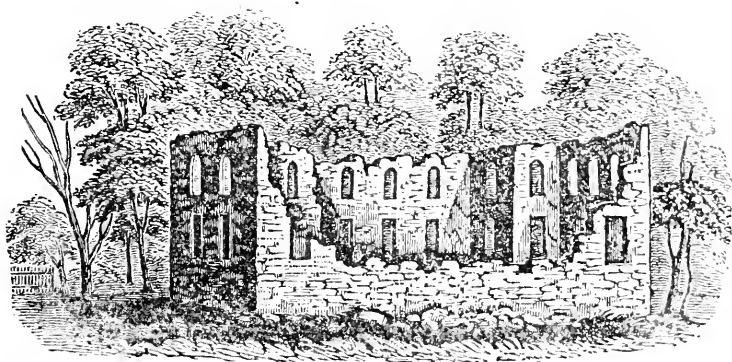
The end was sad for Brad-dock. He was brave and knew no fear, with all his pride. When it came to face the foe, he found the “raw troops” the best of the two. The fine red-coats did not know how to stand such a fight as the French with the aid of wild Red men made on them, and they fled like sheep at last, when poor Brad-dock fell with a death ball in his breast. It was one of these “raw troops,” Cap-tain Stew-art, of the Vir-gin-ia Light Horse, who caught him in his arms as he fell.

“Leave me on the field to die. Go, leave me! Oh, who would have thought it! Who would

have thought it! But we shall know how to fight them next time!" he said.

His aids, the few that were left, and the Virginians stood by him. His army had run from the foe, or were slain and dead on the field.

With his last breath Brad-dock, like the brave heart that he was, said: "You Vir-gin-ians are true men; you are brave men; I did not know you—but we shall know next time—next time!"



RU-INS OF TRIN-I-TY CHURCH. DATE OF E-RFC-TION NOT KNOWN.

"Next time" did not come for him. He felt so bad for the way he had thought of Wash-ing-ton, that he gave him his horse and his man Bish-op to serve him.

One month from the time the proud Brad-dock went hence to beat the foe, he was laid to rest in a grave near Fort Ne-ces-si-ty, and Wash-ing-ton and the few friends left stood with bent heads and sent

up some words that God would bless the soul of him who slept there. This was in Ju-ly, 1755.



THE WAR DANCE.

The hard times that now came to the Virginians make the blood boil and the heart ache. The

In-dians with a thirst for blood went from place to place, and set the white man's home in flames. The wives and babes were put to death with clubs. The men were tied to stakes while blood ran in streams from scalp wounds on their heads. Then the torch was put to the stake, and a wild war dance took place.

Are you not glad such times are past, and we can live in peace and joy safe from such fierce foes? There are stones in Vir-gin-ia to this day that mark the brave deeds done on the spot, and old forts loom up to tell of the work done for Brit-ain in those days.

It is not strange, then, that those who gave so much for the old land, should feel a sense of rage at the thanks they got? Their laws were made to bear on them like chains, to keep them down, and more tax put on their needs to keep them poor.

It was not till 1763 that peace was made by the Brit-ish and French. The last act of the war brought George Wash-ing-ton and the Vir-gin-ia troops to plant the flag of Eng-land on what was left of the once French strong-hold, Fort Du-quesne.

CHAPTER II.

THE French-In-dian war had cost Eng-land a great deal. The cash box of the King was in need of funds. Eng-land sent word to the Col-o-nies, and, for fear the old land would tax the new more than it could stand at this time, a fine purse was made up and sent to the King. The Col-o-nies paid some tax in their mode of trade with old lands, and paid for their mail. Since the time of Governor Spots-wood, the new land had its own post service (1736).

So they did not wish Eng-land to lay on them more tax. But the purse they sent did not help them. Eng-land must have more than her share of their wealth. So she made a lot of stamps that the col-o-nists had to buy from her and put on all their things in trade.

This was not fair, and the col-o-nists were mad, you may think.

Vir-gin-ia spunk was at once up in arms. She did not wait for the rest of the Col-o-nies to say what they would do, and then like good meek souls do as the rest did.

She had at no time in her young and weak days let Eng-land do her work for her, or, with a sweet bow, let the old land make her laws. So now she stood up with her fist in the face of the King, and said: "You *shall* not tax us so!"

It was at this time that a bold and bright Virgin-ian, Pat-rick Hen-ry by name, spoke the first words that set fire to the grand torch of REVOLUTION.

Pat-rick was one of nine boys and girls. His folks were not rich, and at ten years of age, when he knew how to read and write, his pa took him from school to teach him Lat-in at home. Mr. Hen-ry taught school in his own house, and he thought he could make Pat-rick stick to his books if he kept his eye on him.

But Pat-rick was more fond of field sports than his book. He at times went far from home with his gun and fish rod, when he would set his bait, or stand his gun by a tree, and then lie on the ground, and in such cool, still spot, stay and think for hours at a time.

The needs of the Hen-ry folks with such a lot of mouths to feed, at last made his pa send Pat-rick to serve as clerk in a store. When the youth knew how to sell goods, he and his bro-ther Wil-liam set up shop. But Will did not like work, and Pat-rick



was so good at heart that he let folks come and buy, and say they would pay next week. But next week they got more stores at the same price. In that way Pat-rick made more debts than cash. How could he pay his bills when folks did not pay theirs?

So that came to an end, and Pat-rick had time to think, read, play the flute and vi-o-lin that he was so fond of.

At eight-teen years of age he fell in love with a Miss Shel-ton and they were wed.

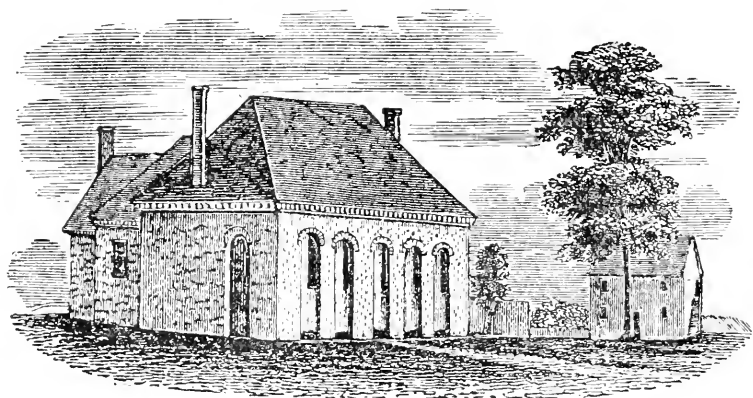
The next thing he did was to try to run a farm. That he had to give up in two years. Then he once more bought a store, and lost all his funds by it.

Then he read law. That was to his taste. But folks did not think he would come to great fame at the bar, and it was years till he got a chance to show the stuff that was in him. He was twen-ty-sev-en years old when he plead his first great case. It was in a cause on the side of the peo-ple that he spoke. When it was time for him to speak he got up slow and shy. His tongue would not leave the roof of his mouth. The folks on one side were in great glee, and those for whom he was to plead thought their cause quite done for and lost.

It was not long so. The laugh went from some, and some hearts beat quick and proud, as words of fire and soul fell from the tongue now set free.

Fear took hold on those who thought they had things all their own way with so shy a man to deal with. Mr. Hen-ry, who was in the court room, did not know his son in this grand man with a tongue of flame, and he wept at last with the joy and pride in his heart for the dear gift of such a boy.

Of course he won his cause. Such a time as there was! Folks could not keep still. They rang



HAN-O-VER COURT HOUSE, IN WHICH PAT-RICK HEN-RY MADE HIS FIRST GREAT SPEECH.

out his name as if they were mad. They would not let him hide from their sight, and took him high up on their arms, and thus with glad shouts brought him through the town. So Pat-rick Hen-ry's fame spread, and he got to be one of the men who made laws and did the will of those who sent him to speak for them.

The col-o-nists did not know just what to do when this new tax was put on them. The stamps were on their way, and they had no time to lose. The men at once met at Wil-liams-burg, and here Pat-rick Hen-ry made such a speech that not a man who heard him felt less grand than a king in his own right to be free of all tax laid on him by the King's men and the throne.

There were a few who did not like that sort of talk, to be sure. They were bred with no thoughts but for the good of thrones, though they did not wish the King's hand to bend them too low. These men would have made Hen-ry stop, but the heart of the mass was with him, and in their minds, as he went on, was born the first thoughts of Lib-er-ty, though it had to wait and grow strong; like a seed it took root, and soon got to be a tree, from which the men of the next few years got the pluck to stand up and fight the King.

Eng-land saw that it would not be best to press this "Stamp Act." When Hen-ry's brave words got to some of the col-o-nies—for all had to pay the new tax—they were glad, and said they would stand by the Vir-gin-ians come what might. So, as one



PAT-RICK HEN-RY.

man, the States were strong, and the King had to give up the stamp tax.

If the King had said to them, "I am in sore need; will you help me in some way?" the Virginians would have been the first to help the Old Land in a way of their own. They did not wish to have him *force* them to pay what he saw fit.

You can-not drive or force brave men. If a friend says to you, "I need your aid," how quick your hand will go out to him, will it not? But if he comes to you with a proud face and says, "Here, I want your help, and I shall take it!" your heart will boil with rage, and you won't help him if you can get out of it. That is just the way the col-o-nists felt. To serve them so once made them lose faith in the kind heart of the rude friend.

Vir-gin-ia was so glad to be free of the stamp tax that she sent the King a vote of thanks. But their joy did not last. A new way to wring gold from the col-o-nists was found. They were made to pay a tax on the goods most in use that were sent them from Eng-land; such as glass, tea, and pa-per. Then once more Vir-gin-ia sent her views of such mean ways to the King. The Gov-er-nor at this time sent from Eng-land was a true friend to the Col-o-ny. The Vir-gin-ians were proud of him, for he made the best of terms with the King for them,

and through him they were told they should not be made to pay this tax. This was Lord 'Bot-te-tourt, who died in 1771.

In the mean-time, there was much done by the Old Land to vex and fret the col-o-nists; this made the Vir-gin-ians be on their guard.

The new Gov-er-nor, Lord Dun-more, did not come for a long while to take the chair as the head of Vir-gin-ia, but stayed in New York with a lot of King's men to have a fine time, and sent a clerk in his stead, who was told to draw his fees and pay from the men of the Col-o-ny, just as if Lord Dun-more had a right to put his hand in their spare box and take their cash to pay such folks as he saw fit to send to them.

Such things did not suit the Vir-gin-ians. They did their share for court and King and Gov-er-nor. If they now took care of a lot of clerks, what would be left for their own kin?

They told the Gov-er-nor to pay his own clerk. They met in Coun-cil, and some of the wise men of it were told to ask all the States to meet, and plan a way to keep their rights free from the harm England would do them if they did not stand firm as one mind.

The men who had this task to do, were men whose names live to this day bright in all our hearts.

Their names are: Pay-ton Ran-dolph, Rob-ert Car-ter Nich-o-las, Rich-ard Bland, Rich-ard Hen-ry Lee, Ben-ja-min Har-ri-son, Ed-mond Pen-dle-ton, Pat-rick Hen-ry, Dud-ley Digges, Deb-ney Carr, Arch-i-bald Ca-ry, and Thom-as Jef-fer-son.

When the Gov-er-nor heard what they were to do, he would not let them meet and plan more such work. But they did not care. They went right on with their plan, and the Col-o-ny in this part of the land made friends with the rest, and in this way the time soon came when hand in hand the thir-teen prov-in-ces stood up to brave the King and such laws as would rob them of the rights of free men.

You can think this kind of pluck gave the King and his men in the Old Land a good scare. Still, they did not dream that the wrath of a few men would set the whole young world up in arms. Some of the men who made the King's laws thought it best to go slow for a while, and let the New World's rage cool; but the proud head man in Eng-land, Lord North, said:

"We must first bring A-mer-i-ca to the dust at our feet; then we will hear what they have to say, and if the folks are meek and good, we may grant what they pray for."

It is said the grand lord then shut his eyes and had a nice nap.

But the col-o-nists did not have to pay the English tax, all the same, on all the goods. Tea was still to be paid for, though, just to show the col-o-nists that they should not have their way.

A ship-load of tea came to Bos-ton at this time, and the grand souls of the col-o-nists there thought they would give the King a dose of A-mer-i-can pluck that would show him he must not play with them. So they threw the whole ship-load of tea to the fish in the sea.

Ah, what a rage there was at court when the news got to Eng-land. "Close the port! Let not one ship land in Bos-ton. Those hot heads there will soon cry 'I will do so no more! I will be good!'" said Eng-land.

They did not know the kind of brave men they had to deal with.

When Vir-gin-ia heard of this rash act, what a time of joy there was in the hearts of true men, and how quick they were to show their sense of wrong when Bos-ton port was shut to trade.

But what was done, do you think, then, by the rest of the col-o-nies?

Why, not one brave dame would buy a pound of tea of Eng-land nor brew it for home use. A day to fast and pray was set. Men met in church to ask God to help them in their hope for home rights.

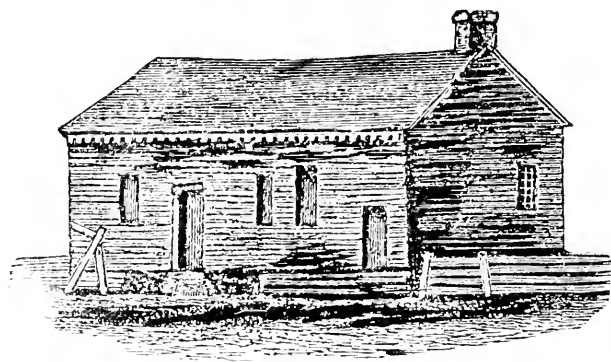
But to pray and act at the same time was the way of these men in Vir-gin-ia.

On May 27, 1774, they met to call a Con-gress of all the Col-o-nies.

Con-gress means a place where men may meet to make laws, or to talk of, or plan rules for, the good of the whole land. They did not ask leave of the Gov-er-nor to meet in this way, so Eng-land knew there was bound to be strife, and thought it time to

get a stick made, to whip that bad child, A-mer-i-ca.

But that child was bent with grief. In robes of black it set to work to toll bells, for faith lost in old ma Eng-land.



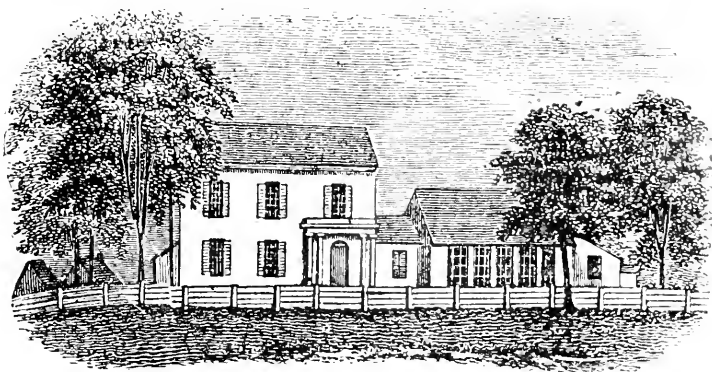
AN OLD-TIME COURT-HOUSE.

While Lord Dun-more, the King's Gov-er-nor, gave balls, and his wife held court in great state, the Vir-gin-ians sent food and cash to the folks in Bos-ton, so that they would not come to need while Eng-land held the town in her hard grasp and would not let trade ships land there.

Then came the day for all the Col-o-nies to meet 'on the 5th of Sep-tem-ber, 1774, and North and

South met in a hand-clasp as stanch friends. This was the first A-mer-i-can Con-gress held in Phil-a-del-phi-a. The Vir-gin-ians sent to it Pey-ton Ran-dolph, Rich-ard Hen-ry Lee, George Wash-ing-ton, Pat-rick Hen-ry, Rich-ard Bland, Ben-ja-min Har-ri-son, and Ed-mond Pen-dle-ton.

How sad, yet stern, these men must have felt; and still what a thrill of joy was in their hearts when



RED HILL, THE HOME OF PAT-RICK HEN-RY, CHAR-LOTTE COUN-TY, VIR-GIN-IA.

Pat-rick Hen-ry rose in the hall where they met and said:

“This day the line is down that has so far made us Vir-gin-ians, New Eng-land-ers or New York-ers or Penn-syl-van-ians. I am not a Vir-gin-ian, *but an A-mer-i-can!*”

Then they drew plans of rights. They wrote such calm, just words to Eng-land that those in the old land could not help but see they had right on

their side. But the King and King's men were wroth that they would dare to meet and talk as free men.

They must have been yet more wroth when they heard that Wash-ing-ton said he would raise a band of a thou-sand men, clothe and feed them, and at their head march on to help the men of Bos-ton.

CHAPTER III.

VIR-GIN-IA had her hands full in these times. The Red men were at war, and none in the bor-der of the State were safe. The bad Lord Dun-more is said to have set the In-dians on to do the white men harm, so that they would have no time to heed what Eng-land was up to just then; and this did not make the Vir-gin-ians love him, or the way the King let their Gov-er-nor serve them.

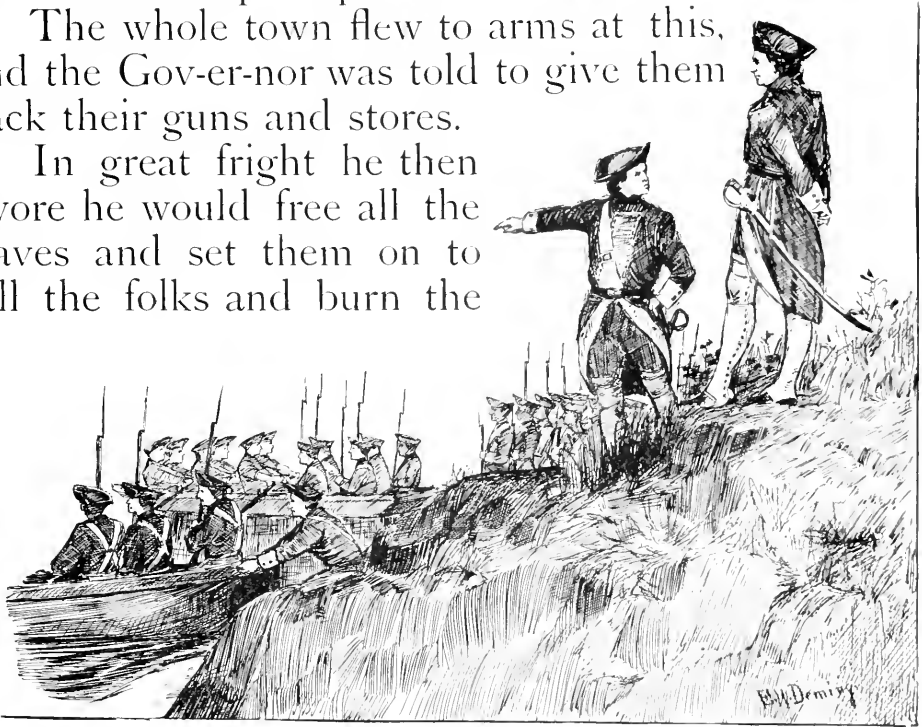
But Gen-er-al Lew-is put the In-dians to rout with great loss of life to his own men, while Lord Dun-more and the King's men were in the town near by and did not come to their aid.

So the Vir-gin-ians had still more cause to hate him.

The next wrong done them was to take all their stores of war and gun-pow-der from the place where they were kept and put them on a Brit-ish war ship near York-town, just at a time when they were in need of the stores to keep down some of the slaves who had been put up to kill the whites.

The whole town flew to arms at this, and the Gov-er-nor was told to give them back their guns and stores.

In great fright he then swore he would free all the slaves and set them on to kill the folks and burn the



THE KING'S MEN ROW OFF WITH THE STORES.

town, if they did not at once go to their homes in peace.

Go home in peace, now! Oh, no. The whole

of Vir-gin-ia rose in the might of its rage at such threats.



THE CALL TO ARMS!

The men of Williams-burg met and made a pledge to stand by their rights with peace if they could—but *by force of arms* if must be. Bands of

men came from all parts of Vir-gin-ia, and on their flags were these words—*God Save the Lib-er-ties of A-mer-i-ca!*

Pat-rick Hen-ry was the chief of these men. He sent to all towns for help. It is told of some troops who came to his call that one hun-dred and fifty men from Cul-pep-er, one hun-dred from Or-ange, and one hun-dred from Fau-quier coun-ties, made a camp by an old oak tree in a field in Cul-pep-er Coun-ty. Their head men were Law-rence Ta-li-a-fe-ro of Or-ange, Ed-ward Ste-vens of Cul-pep-er, and Ma-jor Mar-shall, whose son got to be Chief Jus-tice of the Su-preme Court of A-mer-i-ca.

They wore dark green shirts, on the front of which, in big white words, was—*Liberty or Death!*

They wore in their hats buck tails. In their belts they put great knives and tom-a-hawks. On their flag was a snake in a coil and the words—*The Cul-pep-er Min-ute Men.—Lib-er-ty or Death!—Don't Tread on Me!*

With war whoops they came on through the town like Red men on the war path. And woe to the Brit-ish who were their foes. These were the first min-ute men of Vir-gin-ia.

Lord Dun-more gave the blame for all the war-like fuss to Pat-rick Hen-ry and gave out word that he and his men were such a bad set that no one

should talk with them or be seen with them. Much good that did!

Pat-rick Hen-ry went to the place where the Vir-gin-ians met, in old St. John's Church, and made more fuss. "If we wish to be free, we must fight! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of arms! I know not what course the rest will take—but as for me—give me

Lib-er-ty or give me death!" So spoke the brave Hen-ry.

The next thing was "to arms—to arms—the war is on us. Let it come!"



THE MIN-UTE MEN FIRE ON THE BRIT-ISH.

On the 23d of March, Hen-ry's great speech was made; on the 18th of A-pril the Brit-ish clash of arms

was heard at Bos-ton on their march to Con-cord to take the war stores, where, at Lex-ing-ton, they met the min-ute men and had the first fight.

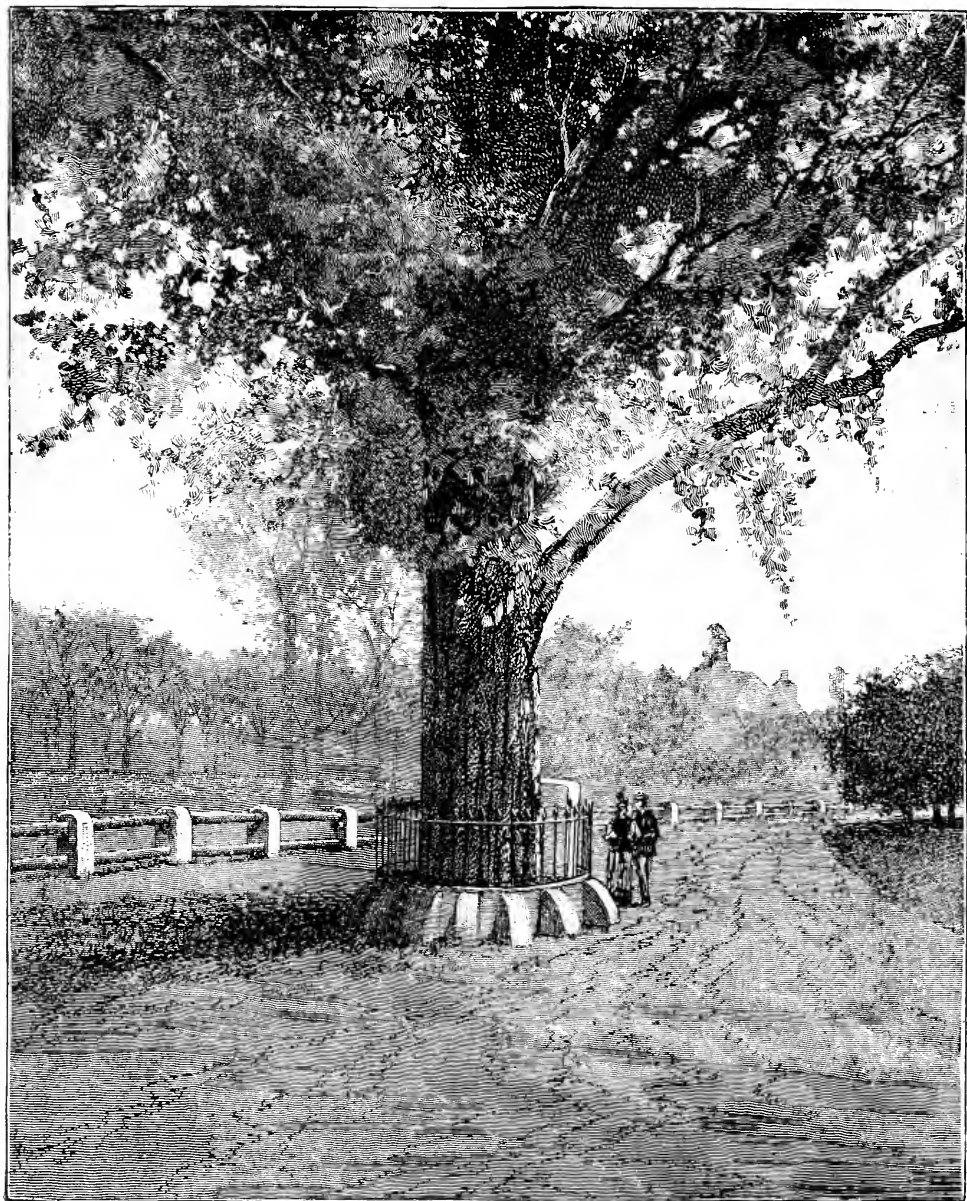
They had heard the brave ring of Pat-rick Hen-ry's voice from Vir-gin-ia through all the States, and with the sound the old and the new worlds stood at sword's point.

Things had been made so warm for Lord Dunmore that he was glad to take a last chance to run from Williams-burg, and live on board of the King's ship "Fow-ey," at York-town.

This left the Vir-gin-ians free to choose their own chief. A lot of wise men were made a band of head men, to see that all the folks were safe. These men made Ed-mond Pen-dle-ton their pres-i-dent. He had the right to make rules, and held the funds of the men on the eve of war.

This band of men with Ed-mond Pen-dle-ton as their chief, were George Ma-son, John Page, Richard Bland, Thom-as Lud-well Lee, Paul Car-ring-ton, Dud-ley Digges, Wil-liam Ca-bell, Car-ter Brax-ton, James Mer-cer, and John Tabb. The name the band was known by was "The Com-mit-tee of Safe-ty." So you see the A-mer-i-cans knew how to take care of the land and folks right well, in this dark hour, when the Gov-ern-or sent by the King did all he could to do them harm. He tried to coax the slaves to fight the white men. He told them they should be free and rich if they would take up arms for the King.

He thought that the King would soon send great guns and troops, and then he would blow the Vir-gin-ians from his path, and get back to his fine house in grand style, and be the lord of Vir-gin-ia once



more. But that did not come to pass. He made a bold fight, but in the end was glad to run from A-mer-i-can spunk and hie him to Eng-land. In the mean time George Wash-ing-ton left Vir-gin-ia, to join the troops at Bos-ton. With glad shouts did the folks there greet him.

On the 3d of Ju-ly, 1775, in the shade of a fine elm tree at Cam-bridge, the great Vir-gin-ian was made chief of all the A-mer-i-can troops.

That old elm is the pride of those Mass-a-chu-setts folks to this day. It is such a great big grand old tree! There are two or three spots on the stem where time has rent seams in the bark, but these have had sheets of cop-per put on them to keep the sap in the wood. A tall pick-et fence of i-ron keeps folks from thefts of bits of the bark or the tree would have been dead long since.

It was still in full leaf this spring, as if in the prime of its life, though it is more than one hun-dred and thir-teen years since those brave men stood in the shade it then gave them.

How grave must have been the face of each man. What fair hopes, aye, what dread fears as well, must have made pulse throb and heart thrill, as with a firm grasp of each sword, they swore to be free men, and make this land a land of the free!

CHAPTER IV.

WITH Lord Dun-more fled from the chair of state, the men at once made Pat-rick Hen-ry chief of Vir-gin-ia troops. The first clash of arms with the Brit-ish took place at Great Bridge on De-cem-ber 9th, 1775.

There the bold band with the rat-tle-snake flag made things prance to the tune of "Lib-er-ty or Death," I can tell you. One of the young men was John Mar-shall whose fame comes down to us. A tale is told of him when he was old, that will please you, I am sure.

He was so plain in his dress and plain in his way of life, that folks who did not know him, took him for some poor man. One time he went to market. He did not take a slave with him to bear the things he bought. With hands full of greens and game, he went by a spruce youth who was strange in the town. I guess he must have been one of those things we call "dudes" in our time. He was full of wrath and swore hard to think there was no one at hand to take a tur-key he had bought to his nouse for him.

Chief Jus-tice Mar-shall made a halt.

The youth saw him and cried : " Say, old man, can you cart this tur-key home for me?"

" I can, yes. But which way do you go?" said Mar-shall, grave as a judge.

He was told.

" That's my way, too. I will take it for you."

" What do I owe you?" said the youth, when they got to his door.

" Not a cent. It was on my way."

" Who is that queer old coon?" he said to some one near. When told, he ran to make up for his ill-bred and rude act.

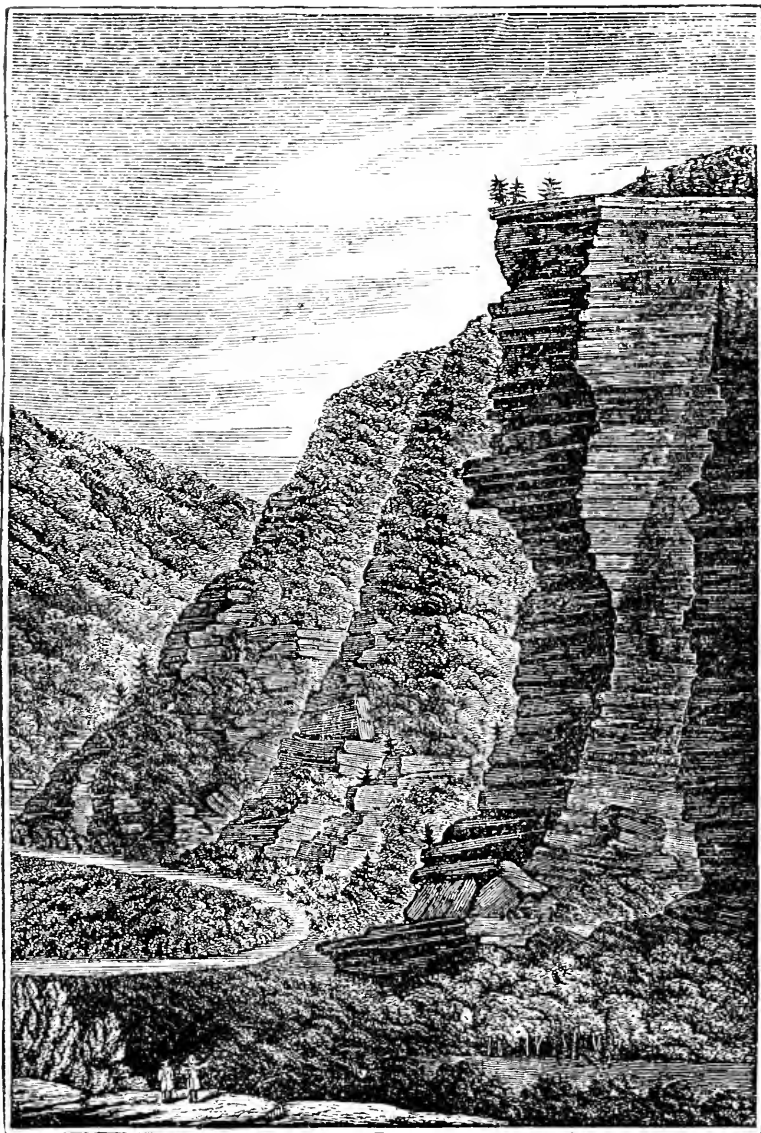
" Why did you stoop to serve me?" said he to the judge.

" To teach you how to do your own work. It did not hurt me—it would not have hurt you."

I guess that young man did not scorn to do from that time on what a man of brains and rank as high as Judge Mar-shall would do.

I have seen folks just as " proud" as this youth, and yet they had not done one bright or good thing to be proud of in all their lives. So I think they must have been weak in their minds as well as limbs, and not proud at all.

The sword play at the foe at this time was not what was to come in real hard war-fare for Vir-gin-ia.



MAR-SHALL'S PIL-LAR, ON NEW RIV-ER, FA-YETTE COUN-TY, VIR-GIN-IA. 112

But while the troops kept back the foe, the brave Vir-gin-ians cast off the last of Eng-land's rule by an act that they sent to all the States, which said from this time on the u-nit-ed "Col-o-nies are free and in-de-pen-dent States." They put an A-mer-i-can flag on the house where laws were made at Wil-liams-burg, and read to the troops this grand Dec-la-ration of Rights. So Vir-gin-ia was the first to be free of a king's yoke.

A good and true man by the name of George Ma-son wrote these new laws for free men, that is known as a Bill of Rights, and a Con-sti-tu-tion. This word means a set of rules to guide those who are made the heads of gov-ern-ment, as well as the men who make the rules.

These rules said that the Gov-ern-ment of Vir-gin-ia should have a House of Del-e-gates and a Sen-ate. The "House" means the place where men of the State meet. "Del-e-gates" mean the men sent to this House by those who have a right to vote.

In those days, men who did not own land did not have a right to vote in Vir-gin-ia. You see the men who made laws thought if a man had a home and land he would wish but just the best of rules for the State, and thus send the best of men to the House to keep those laws for them. Each coun-ty

should send two men. In this way the folks of each coun-ty could have done for their part of the land what they thought was best for them. This is how the laws of a free land are made up to this day. But all men have a voice or vote now.

Vir-gin-ia then had a plan of State, and at once made Pat-rick Hen-ry Gov-er-nor—the head and chief of State.

One of their plans said the head of State should not rule but one year at a time. In this way they soon found out if he was the right man there. If not, they soon put some one else in his place. This rule is known as a Re-pub-li-can Form of Gov-ern-ment.

Rich-ard Hen-ry Lee put this plan to the test of Con-gress for use of all the States. The men there thought and spoke well on it, and at last said the form of it was so good that they bade Thom-as Jef-fer-son write a plan which we know as the Dec-la-ra-tion of In-de-pen-dence.

On the 4th of Ju-ly, 1776, the men of the New U-nit-ed States Con-gress made it the grand plan of our land. Our pride and joy in it still makes us ring bells and fire off guns. The small boys kick up their heels and yell, some for the fun in the air, and some for pain of burns they get when they blow up toy bombs to keep fresh in our hearts the deeds of 1776, in which Vir-gin-ia had so great a share.

We are now come to a time when two great Vir-gin-ians stand out in the front ranks of A-mer-i-can life. Wash-ing-ton in the war, Jef-fer-son at home. Up to the year 1776 the Church of Eng-land was the church of State. And the old Eng-lish law that the first-born son must be a man's heir and have all the wealth of the house had been the law in Vir-gin-ia.

Jef-fer-son said this was not right in a free land. The State should not say what was the best way to praise God, or force a man to give all he had to one child and rob the rest, if he had more. There was a long strife of words in

the House, but in the end Jef-fer-son and his friends got the laws



made so that those who did not go to the Church of Eng-land house to pray, did not have to pay to keep it up, as they had been made to do, though they went to a church of their own faith.

So, too, with a man's wealth. He could leave it to whom he saw fit by this set of laws.

Of course the rich and high-born did not like it. It made a road for all men to walk in it as they would. It broke down the fence the rich man had set to keep out the poor, for it made one law for high and low.

At the same time that such a change in the laws of the State was made, the Vir-gin-ians sent help to the seat of war. They made the Brit-ish trades-men in the towns take an oath not to help the foe, or they must leave the place. Troops of brave Vir-gin-ians went with sword and gun to where the strife of blood was hot.

It is told of Wash-ing-ton that when a band of men with "Lib-er-ty or Death" shirts on came to join his force near Bos-ton, their chief, Mor-gan, said to him as he rode by the lines: "We're from the right bank of the Po-to-mac, Gen-er-al!"

This gave Wash-ing-ton such joy that with tears in his eyes he got off his horse and shook each man in the ranks by the hand. They were come to fight or die with him, and he knew it.

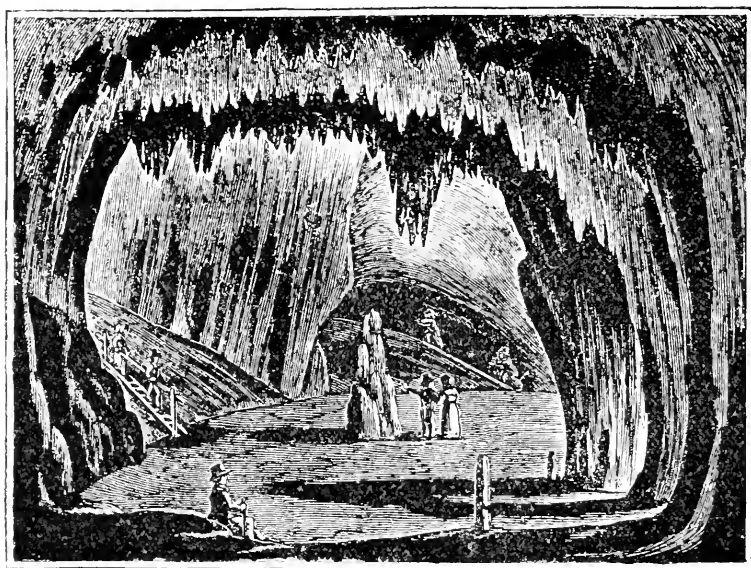
The foe had heard of these brave, rash men. They got their fame in the time of Vir-gin-ia's first strife with Lord Dun-more's men. The Eng-lish spies saw them come down the banks to their war ships; and with a howl of fright gave out the word: "On guard! ho, there! Look out for the shirt-men!" Of such stuff was the youth of Vir-gin-ia made.

CHAPTER V.

WHILE most of the strong men of the State were gone to war, the land back in Vir-gin-ia and that part on the banks of the O-hi-o she could call her own was left free for the bad acts of the Red men set on by the foe. A good man, born in Vir-gin-ia, but who at this time made his home in Ken-tuck-y, thought he would put a stop to this work in quick time. He went to Vir-gin-ia, made up a band of men with the help of Gov-er-nor Pat-rick Hen-ry, set out through the wil-der-ness, and made a dash at the foe, who had no thought of such a trick from such a source, and took the forts at Kas-kas-ki-a and Vin-cennes, caught Gov-er-nor Roche-blave, of the Ca-na-di-ans, on the land of Il-li-nois, who had set the Red men on to harm the A-mer-i-cans, and put him where he could rest and think how mean a soul he had.

At this Col-o-nel Ham-il-ton, the Ca-na-di-an Gov-er-nor of De-troit, a man yet more black of heart, set out with his men and a lot of wild In-dians to take back the forts, and burn all the towns, and kill large and small in that whole part of the land.

Did those brave Vir-gin-ians with the bold George Rog-ers Clarke at their head, sit down and cry, and let them take back the forts? Oh no, that is not Vir-gin-ia style. We must save the land! Up and at it went they, but one hun-dred and fif-ty strong, to drive back ten times their num-ber. They



WEY-ER'S CAVE, AU-GUS-TA COUN-TY.

went to meet them in the cold, bleak, wet days of mid-win-ter, through snow and slush up to their waists at times. For five days they had to march in this way. Then the place of the foe was in sight. They were on them so still that none knew what they were

up to. The Gov-er-nor did not think they would or could come through such a wet and bad road, and so did not look for them. He and his men ran to their guns, our brave boys were at them just as quick. The siege went on for eigh-teen hours; then the foe gave up. The Gov-er-nor they sent to Wil-liams-burg and the forts and stores of the foe were held by our Vir-gin-ians.

It was in 1777 that a brave deed done by a young girl to save Fort Hen-ry and the few troops in it from death by a lot of Red men must here be told you.

The fort was laid out by George Rog-ers Clarke and two men by the name of Eb-en-e-zer Zane and John Cald-well, who were some of the stanch, bold Vir-gin-ians of the time, that gave all they had for the sake of the A-mer-i-can cause. The fort was on the west bank of the O-hi-o, in Wheel-ing, which had, at that time, but a few small cab-ins made of logs. There were not more than for-ty folks in the town and fort.

One day a bad man by the name of Si-mon Gir-ty, at the head of a band of near five hun-dred fierce Red men, came to take the fort and kill all the folks in the place. Of course when the whites heard that this wild band was to come, they ran to the fort. Some of the men were sent to the next town at once

to bring help. But they were shot down by some Red men who were hid in the brush-wood to keep watch till the rest of the Red fiends got there.

When the small band in the fort saw them struck down they made up their minds that no help could reach them. They had but a small store of powder on hand, so they did not dare waste it on chance shots, but with guns at port holes, and brave hearts, they had to wait for the whole band of Reds and fire on the lot as they came. Brave girls and boys stood by the side of their brave mothers, who, as fast as a charge was out, would load the guns, while the small folks kept watch.

In this way they kept the Red fiends off, and lots of them were made to bite the dust to rise no more. Such pluck made the vile Simon Gir-ty fear that he might lose the day. So with a fine show of good will and a white flag he sent word to the chief of the fort that if he would lay down his arms and swear to be a King's man, he and all those with him should have their lives as a gift from him.

Col-o-nel Shep-herd sent word back that as long as one A-mer-i-can heart beat in the fort, and one pair of hands were left to hold a gun, they would not give up.

Hi! how the Red fiends let loose on the fort

now! But charge for charge they got each time, till the Reds at last fell back to hold a pow-wow with their Brit-ish chief, Gir-ty.

This was a good thing for those in the fort. There were but twelve men left now, and the powder was so low that they could not hold out long at this rate.

Eb-en-e-zer Zane's log house was some sixty yards from the fort, and there, "so near and yet so far," was a keg of what they stood in such sore need of.

"Who will dare to run the fire of the Red men and bring that keg of powder?"

"I—I—I—and I—" came from the tongues of one and all. But there were so few men, that none could run so great a risk as the loss of his help in the fort.

At this a young girl, the sis-ter of the Zanes, said, firm and bold, "I will go."

"Oh, no, no!" None would hear of this, you may well think. But E-liz-a-beth Zane would have her way.

"If I fall, my loss will not be felt. Not one of you can the fort and all these folks in your care spare so well," said she.

It must have been that a Hand those men—friends or foes—could not see, led her safe to their

log house; for the foe did not fire on her if they saw her. With fleet step she took the keg and ran back safe to the gate of the fort, and her deed gave them new heart to hold out for three days more, when help came, and the foe were put to flight.

CHAPTER VI.

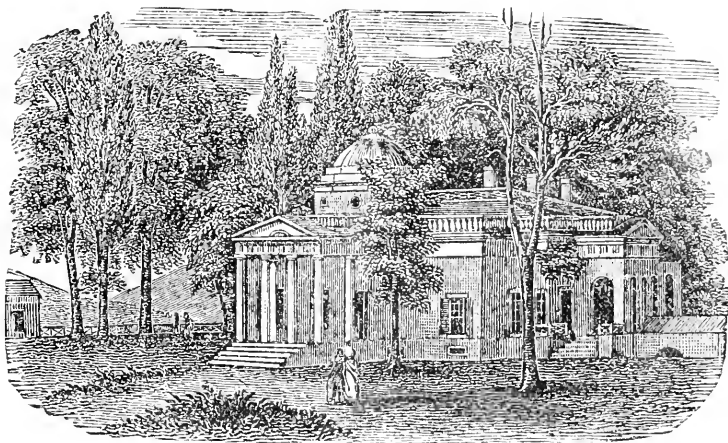
WHEN men make new laws to fit the growth of a State, there must be strife—for some will deem it best to cling to the old. So it was for a time in Vir-gin-ia. Thom-as Jef-fer-son was at heart a plain man. He thought in a land like ours there should be no such thing as “style.” The rich ought to live like those who were not rich, and all should dress like plain men.

Out of these views came plans for the whole land, or the gov-ern-ment of the land. Church laws were to be made by those who went to this or that church, and not by the gov-ern-ment. To be sure there was hot blood in the House where such a new way of things was brought up. So while the whole land out of Vir-gin-ia was at swords’ point with the Brit-ish, the men at the helm of State had their own war of words—like a school where quite new

thoughts were taught to fit men for a new A-mer-i-ca, and lead the mind to see a way clear for that grand word RE-PUB-LIC.

The souls of men were for the new mode of life as far as Vir-gin-ia went, for they made Thom-as Jef-fer-son Gov-er-nor. Pat-rick Hen-ry was now so old that he could not keep the chair of state.

This was in 1779. And oh, what sad times



MON-TI-CEL-LO, THE HOME OF THOM-AS JEF-FER-SON.

there were! Men gave their hearts' blood. Wives, girls and boys went half fed, so that they might share the scant home stores with the dear ones in the fields of war whose clothes were worn to shreds and whose feet were bare, for our land had no funds with which to pay our men.

Eng-land's wealth was a strong bait to tempt

men from our side at this time. The snow was deep on the ground, and three men had to do with one worn blank-et in the cold, bleak night-time.

Wash-ing-ton had so far thought that France would send them help by a loan; but in 1781 the aid had not yet come.

He wrote at this time to Col-o-nel Lau-rens, A-mer-i-can Min-is-ter at Par-is, "If help does not reach us, we can-not keep our men."

Strange to say, the foe had not laid his claws on Vir-gin-ia to this time. There were no big, strong men left in the State to bear arms. Wives and girls, old men and boys were there, so the foe would have had no great fight to lay claim to the Old Do-min-ion.

It was Ben-e-dict Ar-nold, the trai-tor—who sold his land and friends and whose vile act led to the death of the brave foe An-dre—who made the first move to take Vir-gin-ia.

It was just such a step as one might think a man like Ar-nold would take. It was no grand thing to come at the head of nine or ten hun-dred men and march on a land where there were none to harm him. He knew the whole State was clear, for all strong young men had gone to bear arms at the seat of war.

The Gov-er-nor, Jef-fer-son, cast what arms there



CAP-TURE OF AN-DRÉ.

were in the James Riv-er, and did all he could to keep the spoils from the foe, when he found he had not men to fight with. This made the Eng-lish turn their eyes on Vir-gin-ia, and the tide of war was brought on there in full force.

Ar-nold burnt towns and laid lands waste. Then in A-pril Gen-er-al Phil-lips, with two thou-sand men came up the James Riv-er and on the way to Rich-mond did all the harm he could.

But a stop was put to their work all at once, when they did not look for it.

Help had come. Wash-ing-ton had sent twelve hun-dred men, with the good Mar-quis de La-fay-ette, then a young man but twen-ty-three years old, to take a hand in the sport of the foe in Vir-gin-ia. When Gen-er-al Phil-lips saw this band of men, do you think he was glad of a chance to fight? Oh, dear no! He ran with his fine troops, poor man, and soon was dead of a fe-ver he had, and was laid to rest in old Bland-ford church-yard.

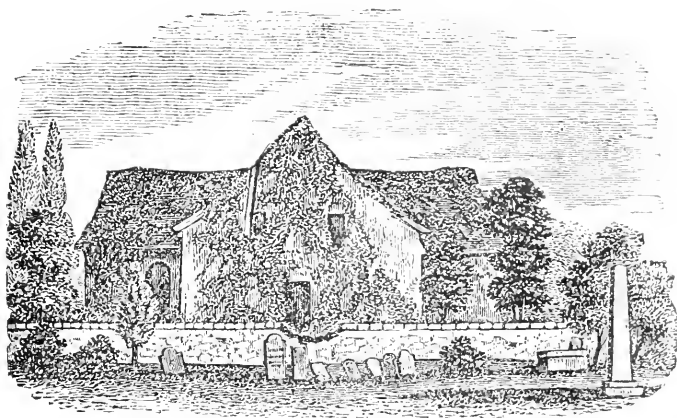
Then came Lord Corn-wal-lis to Vir-gin-ia with ten thou-sand troops. La-fay-ette had but twelve hun-dred real men of war, and three thou-sand men who were known as mi-li-tia, whose good will was the skill they brought and the arms they bore, and fif-ty horse men, known as cav-al-ry.

These few brave souls had to face the grand lot

of King's men with fine arms, and the "troops" of Col-o-nel Tarle-ton's wild, bad band.

Lord Corn-wal-lis thought he could whip La-fay-ette in no time, and slay his few men at one blow with his force. La-fay-ette was but a boy in his eyes—a boy who would run from him in a big fright.

It did seem as if the "boy" had a mind to "run." He kept him on the move for more than a month,



OLD BLAND-FORD CHURCH.

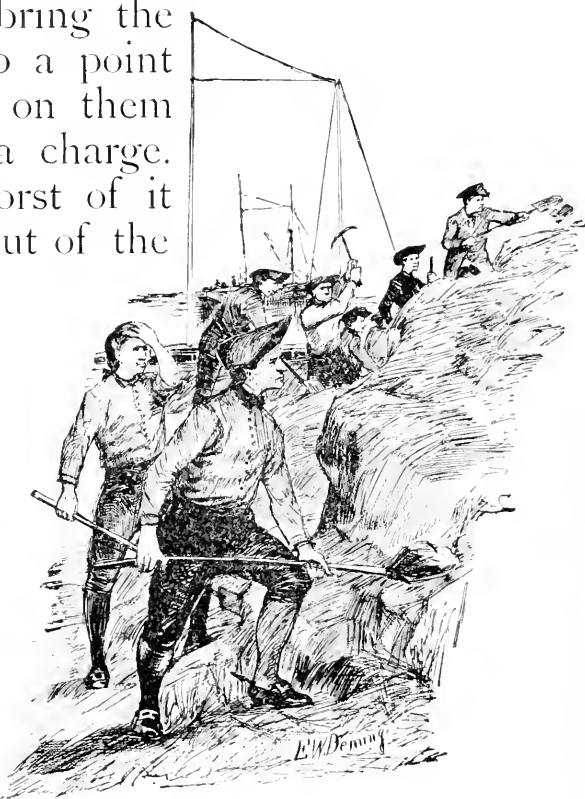
and Corn-wal-lis could not bring him to a "stand and fight."

In this way the play was kept up. But when Corn-wal-lis would have gone to Al-be-marle Old Court-house and laid hold on the Vir-gin-ia stores, La-fay-ette was quick on his track for a fight. Then Corn-wal-lis would not fight, but ran, and La-fay-ette

went on his track. He had with him now the bold and brave Gen-er-al Wayne and his nine hun-dred men, and Bar-on Steu-ben with some troops.

Lord Corn-wal-lis did not run from fear. It was a neat trick to bring the A-mer-i-can troops to a point where he could turn on them at a good time for a charge. Our men got the worst of it then, but soon were out of the foe's clutch. The foe now fell back to York-town, where strong works were built to keep back our troops and make safe breast-works from which to fire on our men. And here the Eng-lish Gen-er-al thought to make an end of the King's foes with ease.

Did he dream that an ar-my in rags would whip the fine, well-fed Brit-ish, with their smart com-man-ders? I guess not!



BUILD-ING WORKS.

CHAPTER VII.

WHILE Corn-wal-lis was at rest at York-town with the hope that a big lot of troops would be sent to aid him, a great change had come with new joy to our brave men.

Count de Grasse came from France with a large fleet for Ches-a-peake Bay to help the A-mer-i-cans. The Count de Ro-cham-beau with a force of six thousand men was come to join the fleet of Count de Grasse to hem in Lord Corn-wal-lis.

How the hearts of our true men must have beat with sweet thanks to God for such aid in the hour of such need as they were then in. Wash-ing-ton was on the Hud-son at this time, and plans were at once made to bring the war to one spot—this spot was Vir-gin-ia. But the foe must be kept in the dark. The foe must be led to think a fight was in view on the banks of the Hud-son.

Camps were laid out and a sham fight made on the posts of the foe, to keep the Brit-ish com-mander's eyes on that spot while our whole ar-my went on their way to join La-fay-ette and de Grasse.

By the last of Sep-tem-ber, 1781, the A-mer-i-can

troops were all at Wil-liams-burg, Vir-gin-ia. Gen-er-al Nel-son, who was made Gov-er-nor when Jef-fer-son left the head of State, and Gen-er-al Wayne went to head off Corn-wal-lis, in case he should try to skip out to North Car-o-li-na. Thus the foe was in a ring made by our men and the French friends.

A fleet of ships with Ad-mi-ral Graves at their head came to help Corn-wal-lis. But the brave de Grasse went to the mouth of the Ches-a-peake to meet them, and sent them off in quick time; took two of their war ships, and came back to keep his eyes on Corn-wal-lis at York-town.



GEN-ER-AL AN-THO-NY
WAYNE.

It is said that the foe sent a lot of slaves, sick with the small-pox, from their camp in the town to the A-mer-i-can lines, so that our troops would take it, and be in too bad

and ill a plight to fight.

Doc-tor Thatch-er, who was with Gen-er-al Wash-ing-ton as sur-geon, tells how one night, when shot and shell had been sent from camp to camp for sev-en days, he had crept out of the rain to a small hut where the foe had that day been. The night was pitch dark. He thought he could rest there quite safe for a while. All at once a step came

near. Some one came in. The place was so small that the two met. Quick as a flash the man drew his sword and made as if to plunge it in the doctor's breast.

"Friend, friend!" cried out Doctor Thatch-er.

"Oh, Mon-sieur! *friend!*" said the man, put his sword back, and left the hut as fast as he could.

"He must have been a French soldier," said the Doctor, "and I don't know who was the most scared, he or I."

While shot and shell fell on all sides Washington stood calm, with not one trace of care or fear. The chap-lain, the Rev-er-end Mr. Ev-ens, stood by him one day and a shot struck the ground so close to them that the earth and sand fell like rain on their clothes and fac-es, and some flew to the rim of their hats. Mr. Ev-ens took his off and said to the Gen-er-al: "See here, these are bits of shot and shell."

"Ah, Mr. Ev-ens," said the cool Com-man-der-in-Chief, "you must take that home to show to your wife."

On the 17th of Oc-to-ber Lord Corn-wal-lis sent a flag of truce to ask a stay of arms, so that a word might be said as to terms of peace. Twenty-four hours was the time he would like to make terms in. Two hours was all Wash-ing-ton would grant.

How wise of him not to give him more time ; for it was found out that Corn-wal-lis had made a plan to make use of the stay of war, to leave York-town.

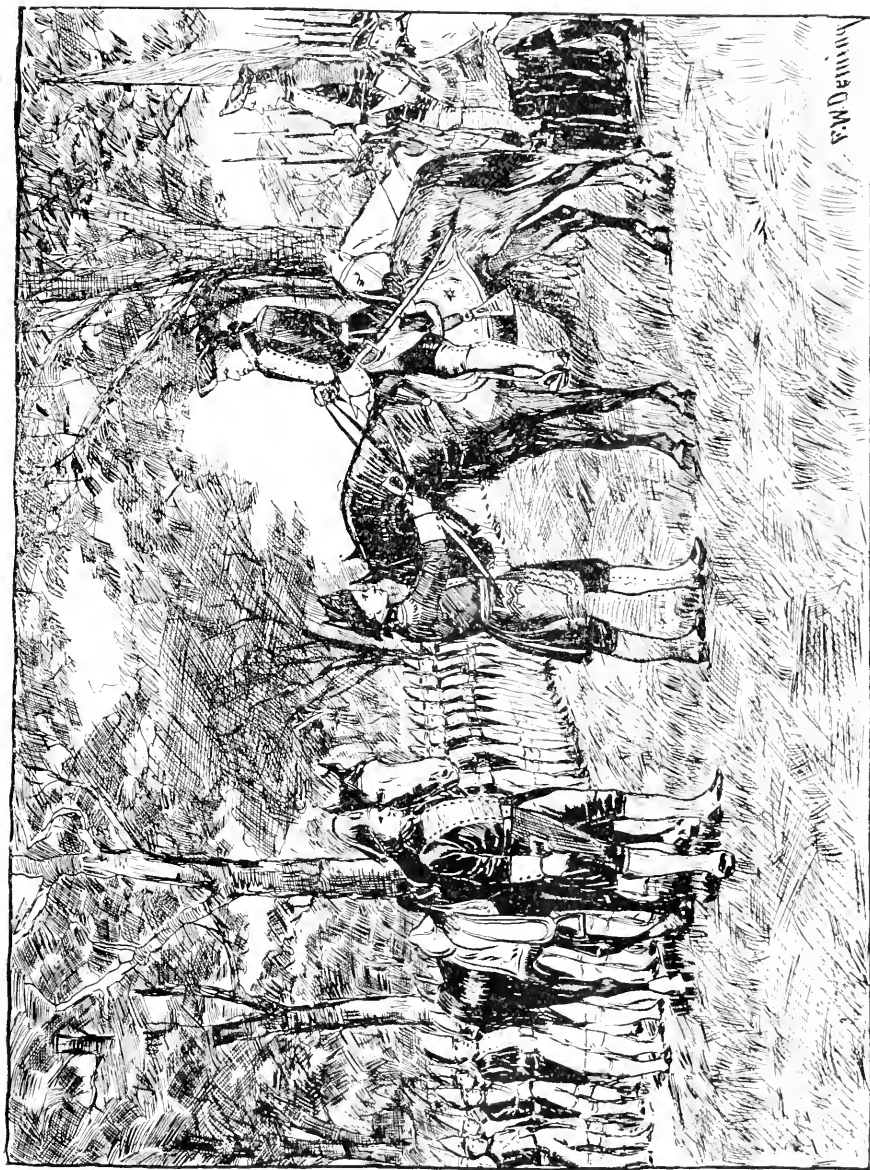
He and his men were to get on board of boats in the night, fall on the French at Glou-c-es-ter Point, steal their steeds, and ride as fast as they could to New York. Some of the men did get out on the stream in boats, but a great wind and rain storm came up, and put a stop to the whole fine plan, as the men were glad to get back to their camps with their lives the next day.

On the 18th Gen-er-al Wash-ing-ton sent his terms to Corn-wal-lis, and gave him two hours in which to make up his mind. The men sent by Wash-ing-ton to talk with the men sent by the Brit-ish chief were Col-on-el Lau-rens and Vis-count No-aille, of the French troops.

At this time the fa-ther of Mr. Lau-rens—who brought these terms for the sur-ren-der of the King's chief and his King's men—was in the Tow-er of Lon-don, in a cell of which he had been cast by the Brit-ish when he was on his way to serve our land at the court of Hol-land. Now his son had the



LORD CORN-WAL-LIS.



SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS'S MEN.

right to make terms for a whole Brit-ish ar-my. And right sore these men felt to be made to lay down their arms.

Lord Corn-wal-lis had them all dress in bright new suits first, and thus they laid down their swords to the brave men who, worn and torn, had won the great cause. The proud Brit-ish chiefs of staff, you can well guess, felt bad at such a mean end to their high hopes.

One fine, brave man, Col-o-nel Ab-er-crom-bie, of the Eng-lish Guards, when his men laid down their arms, hid his face, and bit his sword with shame as he went in haste from the field. It must have been hard for them, who had held their heads so high and said the A-mer-i-can men did not know how to fight, "that they were no sol-diers," to have these same men win the day.

Oh, what joy there was in Vir-gin-ia and the whole land. Gen-er-al Wash-ing-ton went to each one of his chief men to thank them for their good aid, and to Gen-er-al Nel-son, of Vir-gin-ia, and his men, who stood so firm by him to the last. To all the men in the ranks he spoke of their brave deeds. He told them that when years and years should have gone by, tales would be told of their strong hearts and good arms, and how the young will hear of them, and read of them, as you now read these

words, and your bright eyes glow with pride in their deeds. They did not fail to give thanks to Him on High. The Rev-er-end Mr. Ev-ens did his part, while all the men were drawn up in the field to hear him preach and give thanks.

Plant-ers came from all parts of Vir-gin-ia to take part in the joy. The year now near at end had been a bad one for them. The King's men and that wild band of Tarle-tons had laid hands on what they could of stock and stores.

One of the plant-ers saw the bold Tarle-ton on a fine steed, by the side of some of the French men in the town, with whom he was to dine, smart as you please.

"Ho there!" cried the plant-er, who knew the horse at once as his own; "will you just step down and give me back my horse?"

Tarle-ton did not like to do it at all, and made a wry face.

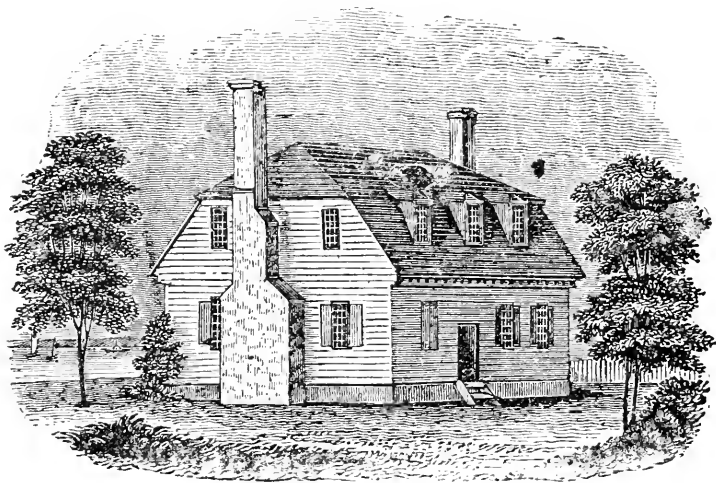
"You might as well give it up with a good grace," said the Brit-ish chief O'Ha-ra, who was with him.

It was not a sweet pill for the wild Tarle-ton to take, but his free lance days were past and he knew it, so he got off and gave the horse to him who laid claim to it by right, and sought for one in its place.

Such a poor, lame beast as it was, the best he

could get at the time. And such a meek horse-man did he look when he came back to his friends, that the French men had to laugh at the change in man and beast.

The old Moore House, as you see it on this page, is the place where the men of the truce flag



THE MOORE HOUSE, YORK-TOWN, WHERE CORN-WAL-LIS SIGNED AR-TI-CLES OF
SUR-REN-DER TO THE A-MER-I-CAN AR-MY.

met, that terms could be made by which the foe laid down their arms.

On Oc-to-ber 19th, 1781, Lord Corn-wal-lis gave up the King's cause to our A-mer-i-cans. How would it have been had he known that Sir Hen-ry Clin-ton had that day set sail from New York with

thir-ty-five ships of war and sev-en thou-sand troops to help him.

Would the strife have come to an end had Sir Clin-ton got there in time to give Lord Corn-wal-lis new hope? Would the end have been just the same?

I think it was to be so. The plan was laid out just in that way by Him who rules homes and thrones, men, and kings.

It was not till Sep-tem-ber 3d, 1783, that Great Brit-ain gave sign and seal by which they had to give our land the name of In-de-pen-dent Col-o-nies of A-mer-i-ca.

I must tell you a tale of one of Vir-gin-ia's young men—of his rash act, to show the young of this day that in those days fear was not known. When a young man made up his mind to do a thing, he did it in spite of Brit-ish guns or King's guards, let the deed be born of love or war.

The young man's name was Wil-liam Cun-ning-ham. He was one of the first young "min-ute men" to take up arms. When Vir-gin-ia built boats, he went to serve in what is known as the na-vy, on one of these boats.

One time he ran foul of one of the foe's ships in



SIR HEN-RY CLIN-TON.

a dense fog. The chief of the English ship was quick to roar: "Strike your flag, and yield your ship!"



THE YOUNG MIN-UTE MAN.

Cap-tain Cun-ning-ham by a neat trick made him think he would do so, and the foe quit their fire.

Just then the two ships got caught in some way, so that their sails kept them bound, and Cun-ning-ham could not sail off as he had made up his mind to do.

He did not stop to think long, but with the knife in his belt cut the sail at one stroke and set his ship free.

The foe then saw what he would do, and one of them shot at him and hit his arm. Still that did not bring him down, but with a skill and tact the foe did not look for, his ship shot from their side and was lost to sight in the fog.

Once he went with some of our men to find stores on the south side of the James Riv-er. He had not long been wed to a dear girl, and of course did not wish to be caught by the foe then, of all times. But he had the bad luck to be caught all the same ; he and a lot more of our men, and they were put in a pen at Ports-mouth.

They had been there some time when one day he said to his friends, "I shall see my wife this night, or be a dead man!"

"Why, Will! are you mad?" they all said with eyes in a wide stare.

There were some for-ty or fif-ty men on guard on all sides of the house where they were kept, so his friends did not see how he could get out with his life. He then told them how he meant to do it.

When the sun set, the guards of the day gave place to the night guards, and the chief men had two of the guards walk in front of the place, from the house to the gate on each side of the path. When the new guards came on, the old ones put down their arms. This was the time to act. The new guards were not so fast to take up theirs, as they did not look for such a rash act on the part of those in the pen.

Now was the time. How his friends felt for him! He sprang out with a shout, "My wife or death!" gave the guard near him a blow that sent him to the dust, and like a deer ran safe out of sight and shot, ere yet the foe knew what had come to pass. Such a time as there was. Shots were sent on all sides and the hunt went on all night, but they could not find our brave Cap-tain Cun-ning-ham. He swam a stream near by Gas-port and found his way to the house where his wife was ere dawn of day.

One of his men, Lieu-ten-ant Church, ran the risk with him, and must have been lost in the marsh or shot down. He was seen no more.

PART THIRD.

THE AMERICANS.

CHAPTER I.

THIS land was now free. Each man was a king in his own right by the “grace of God” in a true sense of the word. They now had a great land of their own, these A-mer-i-cans,—and, as our well-known John Es-ten Cooke says, What were they to do with it?

The plans and laws made to suit the state of mind that grew out of the haste to show Eng-land that the men of the time would not be the tools of a king, had now to be made to fit a grand new face of things. So once more the wise men met, and out of a great clash of words came the plan by which our land got to be a Un-ion of States.

Vir-gin-ia did more than all the rest of the States to bring this to pass. She had been the first to wrest a great tract of land from the crown, and now she was so large a State that the folks of some of

the rest of the States would not sign the plan of "Un-ion"; they said it was not fair that one State should own such vast wealth of soil.

Now Vir-gin-ia had a right to it, and could once more have held it by the sword, but she—that is, her brave, wise men, at the helm of State, by the wish of those who sent them to do their will—gave up lands that are now parts of the States of O-hi-o, In-di-an-a, and Il-li-nois, so that Vir-gin-ia, in fact, made this a gift to the Gov-ern-ment.

Vir-gin-ia did not grow out of our form of rule. She was a State free by her own act, and so was heir in her own right to her soil by the bold act in the year 1776, when she shook off the heel of King's rule and took the name of Com-mon-wealth.

Vir-gin-ia was the first to say there ought to be a new plan made by which one and all States could act in un-ion by a call to the head of Gov-ern-ment in case of need.

The States met at Phil-a-del-phi-a in May, 1787, and Wash-ing-ton was put in the chair of what we call the Con-ven-tion. There a plan was drawn, known as the Con-sti-tu-tion, and all the men in the land were to read it and say what they thought of this new code of laws.

A great war of words then took place in all the halls of States. Vir-gin-ia was in a flame; hot words

George Washington born Augustine Mary his Wife was born
 the 11th day of February 1732 about 10 in the Morning & was baptised the 3rd of April
 following etc. Deceyly Whiting Esq. Christopher Smith Esq. Father and
 Mr. Milled Gregory Esq. Mother

Fac-simile of the entry of the birth of Washington in the Bible of his mother.

the note on a certain 25th of July when you ought to
 have been at Church praying as becomes every good
 Christian man

Dr Sir G^r Mrs A. West & Dear

28th August 1762

George Washington

Fac-simile of the writing of Washington.

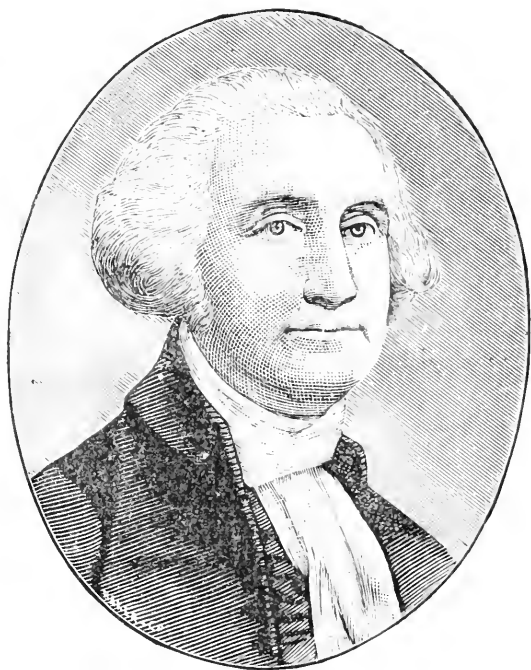
went from lip to lip. Friends got to be foes on this theme of new laws for our land.

The Vir-gin-ia Con-ven-tion met at Rich-mond, which was now the place where State laws were made, and here we find such men of high fame as Mar-shall, Mad-i-son, Mon-roë, Ma-son, Nich-o-las, Pat-rick Hen-ry, Ran-dolph, Pen-dle-ton, Lee (the "light horse" Henry, who could use his pen for Vir-gin-ia as well as his sword); Wash-ing-ton, Wythe, In-nes, Har-ri-son, Bland, Gray-son, and so long a list of grand names that it would seem as if the pride of Vir-gin-ia must grow warm at thoughts of the brains that led the world in those days. We might match them in our time, but the years have not brought us men with gifts of mind more great. Such a time as there was! The best of friends now stood like foes, in the war of words as to how men should rule the land.

You see, most of the men did not like the new plan, as it gave the chief of the land too much right to rule the States. Pat-rick Hen-ry, who did not like it at all, said that it was too much like a throne to give the Gov-ern-ment such right. He thought each State should keep its own rights. George Ma-son and James Mon-roë felt as he did. At last Vir-gin-ia made some change in the plan, which said that all rights the Gov-ern-ment had came from

States, and so the States could take those rights back if the Govern-ment did that which men thought would harm their State. In this way there came at last peace out of the war of words.

Wash-ing-ton was then made the first Pres-i-dent or chief of the A-mer-i-can Re-pub-lic. That all the folks in the land thought well of the great Vir-gin-ian, and that his rule was wise, we know, for they made him chief once more, when he had been at the head of our land four years. At the end of the next four years, which is what is known as the term of that of-fice, they would have made him chief for the third time. But Wash-ing-ton thought two terms was all that one man should serve in such a post in a free land, where there were men quite as fit as he to serve in so high a place.



George Washington

You must read the life of this grand man. There are few like him in heart and mind. He was so good and kind to those who had to serve him, as well as those who were poor and not in his rank of life.

But it is told of him that he left Bish-op—the man I told you was left to him by Gen-er-al Brad-dock when he lay on his death-bed—out in the street for hours while he had his first long chat with the one who was to be his wife.

It came to pass in this way. Wash-ing-ton was fresh from the field of war with the Red men. He was known and well thought of by all for his fine mind and brave heart as far back as the year 1758.

One day in that year he was on his way to Wil-liams-burg. The boat he was on to cross a branch of the York stream had to land at New Kent, where he met one of the fine, well-bred gen-tle-men of that Vir-gin-ia age, whose home was at all times free to the guest who had to pass that way. Cham-ber-lyn was the man's name. When he saw Wash-ing-ton he would not let him pass on, he must come and dine. "What! Wash-ing-ton, dear to all Vir-gin-ians, pass by his door?" He would not hear of it, though told that Wash-ing-ton could not spare the time, as he had to see his chief at such an hour the next day at Wil-liams-burg.

“Well,” said his would-be host; “you must come in; I have a friend, a fair, bright wid-ow, whom I want so much you should meet. You can just stop and dine, then ride the hour you spend with us in the night-time to make up for it.

With this hope in view, then, Wash-ington said to Bish-op: “Stand here and hold my horse”—the same Brad-dock had left him—“I will come back soon.”

Bish-op put his hand to his cap; this meant “Your will is law,” and Wash-ington and his host went to the house.

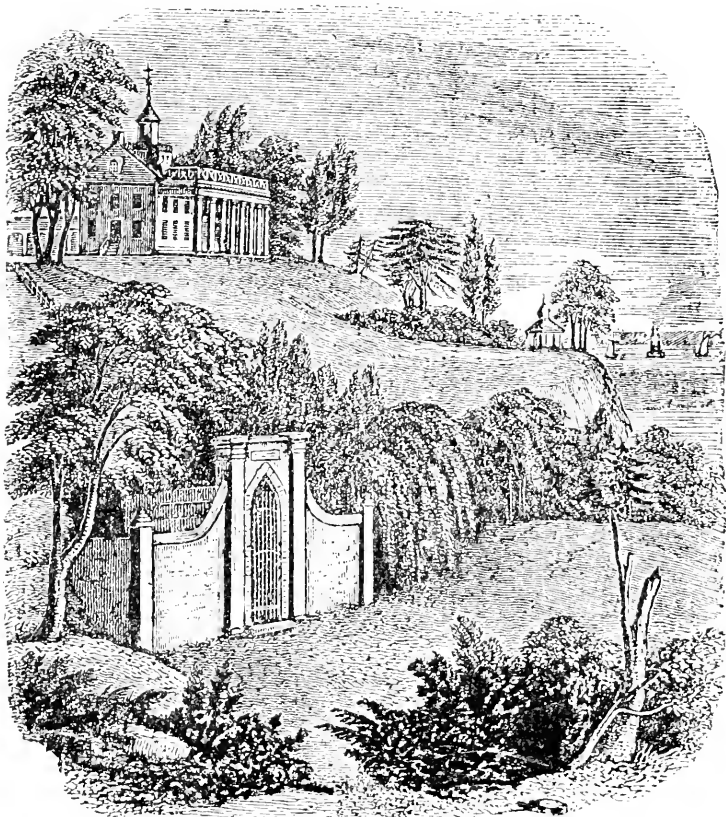
There were lots of guests, for an old time Vir-gin-ia home was a hall of love and joy; but Wash-ington now met the sweet la-dy who was to be his bride, and Bish-op, horse, and time were swept from his mind.

The sun stood high noon, and still Bish-op held the horse. The sun sunk to rest, and Bish-op and the horse had seen no signs of their chief.

“Strange, strange,” thought the poor man, who must have been in need of food and drink, “this is not like Wash-ington at all—he was wont to be true to his word.”

At last Mr. Cham-ber-lyn, who had his own quiet laugh to see Wash-ington wrapt up in his fair friend, bade him stay his guest for the night; and

poor Bish-op and the horse found the best of care till the dawn of the next day, when all set out for Wil-liams-burg. Wash-ing-ton soon came back to



MOUNT VER-NON IN 1840.

court and win his bride, who was at that time Mrs. Cus-tis.

They had a life of true love for for-ty years, in which Wash-ing-ton rose to such great fame that

when we read the words said by John Mar-shall in the halls of Con-gress in 1799, "Our Wash-ing-ton is no more," one seems to feel a sense of grief as if a rare dear friend had just gone from life.

I should have been so glad could I have had a sketch made of the Old Cap-i-tol at Wil-liams-burg, the first stone house built by the men of Vir-gin-ia for a hall in which to make their laws. Neath its roof stood the best men of that age, who met here to frame plans that should fit the life of a New World; for from the hearts of the sons of Vir-gin-ia came the first sparks of the flame that made an end to King's rule. Each stone of this house should have been kept as dear as if it held some of the sounds that came from the tongue of our first great men. In the Old Cap-i-tol Wash-ing-ton's praise was heard for the first time.

When the French and In-dian war was past, in which young Wash-ing-ton had gained such fame, it was here that the head man in the chair said such warm words of praise to him in the name of all Vir-gin-ia, that Wash-ing-ton, when he rose to speak some words of thanks, could not move his lips. The hot blood came to his face, his form shook as if with shame that he was made to face all these folks. He could brave a foe and know not fear, but this crowd who had their eyes on him in pride and love,

made him feel so shy that not one word could he say.

All saw how he felt, and the chief man, with a smile, spoke up quick: "Mr. Wash-ing-ton," said he, "you are as free from base pride as you are brave, and I have not the gift of words to say how brave you are!"

It was in this same house that Pat-rick Hen-ry, clad in the most plain of dress, made that first speech of his, that woke up those in the room to the fact that in this young man, so mean of garb, so plain of face, there was a soul of fire that would draw the eyes of the whole world to Vir-gin-ia's new-found son.

Hen-ry was laid to rest in June of the same year that the land had to mourn the death of Wash-ing-ton—who was born in 1732, and Pat-rick Hen-ry in 1736.

CHAPTER II.

WHILE John Adams, the second chief of the land, was President, Virginia was in a state of wrath at what was thought to be his love for a style of rule not laid down by those who had made the plan of the Republic. Free speech was put down, and men did not dare to say what they thought of the chief or of the Government.

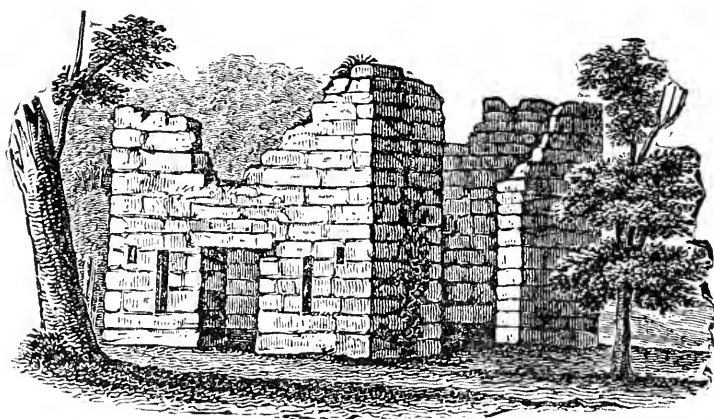
*John Adams.*

At this rate our land would soon have been worse than a king's land, where men were put to death if they said aught not good of the king.

The laws of our land make all men free to think and act—if they do not act wrong—and men have a

right to say if they like or do not like the acts of the man they, by their votes, have set up in the high place of chief, to do their will.

So when this chief and his men made a law to send out of our land all such folk as did not keep a still tongue as to what was done by the Government, Vir-gin-ia was in a fine rage. Thom-as Jef-fer-son, who wrote the plan of the Dec-la-ra-tion of



OLD RU-IN AT WARE CREEK. HID-ING-PLACE OF THE PI-RATE BLACK-BEARD AND HIS BAND IN 1787.

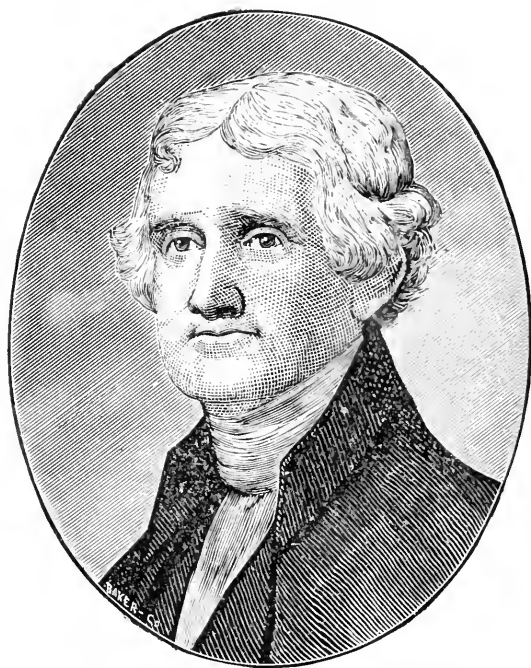
In-de-pen-dence was up in arms at once to let the Gov-ern-ment know that the States had their say as to what could be done, and that it must bide by the laws of the land, made by the voice of all its men. In the mean-time the State got her guns and arms out and would have fought for her rights.

Just think of it! the “Fed-er-al-ists,” the name

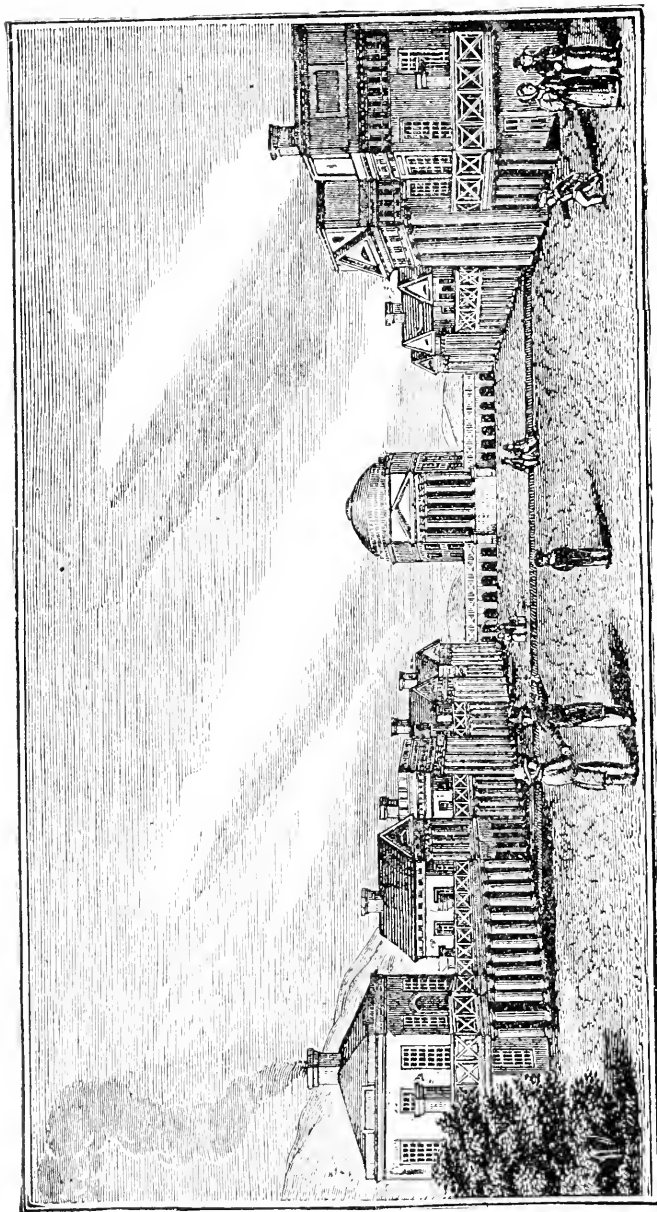
the friends of Pres-i-dent Ad-ams were known by, had a man by the name of Cal-len-der, a free white man, tried, and made to pay a fine of \$200, and put in a cell for nine months. He did not like the Pres-i-dent, and wrote a small book in which he said some bad—if they were true—things of him. This made the king-like soul of the chief and his friends so mad that they would at once put a stop to all such work, to see if a plain man would dare to have a mind of his own, and speak it, too!

Well, the strong and true side of the A-mer-i-can heart spoke out on this kind of a Gov-ern-ment, and Mr. Ad-ams did not get but one term as chief, but Thom-as Jef-fer-son was made Pres-i-dent.

So well did he rule as chief, and so plain and good was his life as man, and there was so much



Th. Jefferson.



U-NI-VER-SI-TV OF VIR-GIN-IA, AT CHAR-LOTTE-VILLE.

done for the growth of our land while he was at the head of it, that he was made chief for four years more.

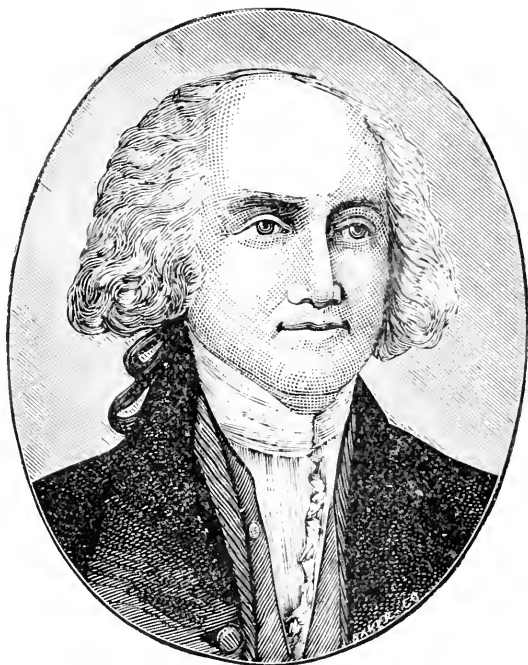
When men in our time speak of a real true, fair man to put at the head of our land they say he is a "Jeffersonian Dem-o-cratic."

Mr. Jefferson wrote a great deal, and was well read. He was known as the "Father of the U-ni-ver-si-ty of Vir-gin-ia."

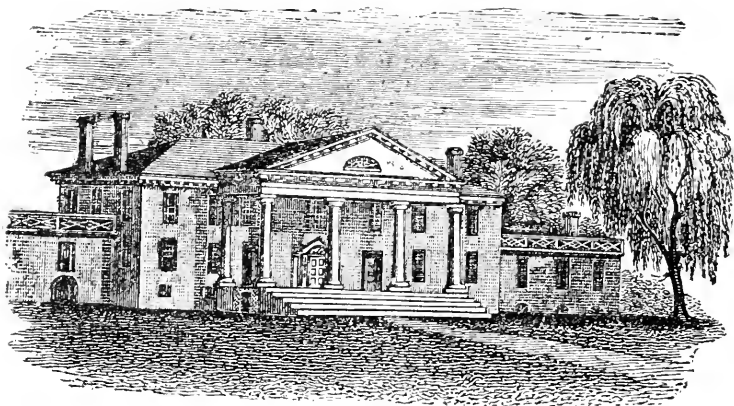
He died at the age of eight-ty-six, July 4, 1826. His last words were: "I re-sign my-self to God, and my child to my coun-try.

The next chief the land chose was a Vir-gin-ian, too, James Mad-i-son. While he was at the head of our land, we had to give Eng-land a dose of hot shot to prove to her that we might be young in years as a Un-ion, but we knew to a man that what was ours was not hers—that she must keep her hands off our ships. There was war for three years, but Mad-i-son was so wise a chief for the time that he was kept at the helm two terms, and in all his life not one foe could be found to say there was a stain on his name.

He died at Mont-pe-lier in June, 1836, at the age of eight-ty-sev-en years. When Jef-fer-son died, Mad-i-son took his place at the head of the U-ni-ver-si-ty of Vir-gin-ia.

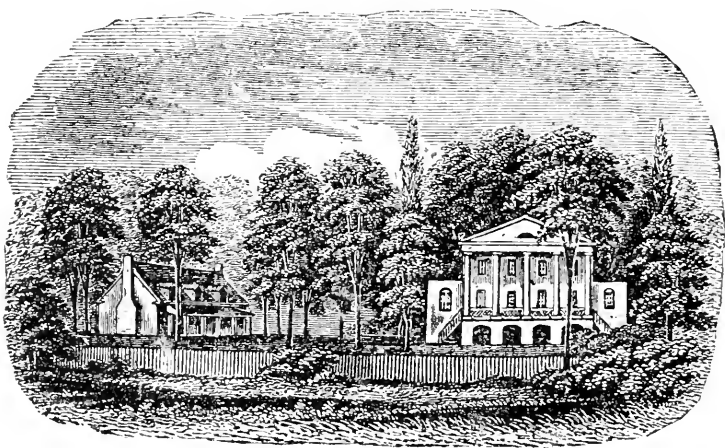


James Madison,



MONT-PE-LIER, THE HOME OF PRES-I-DENT MAD-I-SON.

The nice, cool place you see on this page is Oak Hill, the home of the fifth chief of our land—James



OAK HILL, THE HOME OF PRES-I-DENT MON-ROE.

Mon-roe. This Vir-gin-ian, like the rest, was so well thought of that he was Pres-i-dent eight years,

or two terms. In war, in the Sen-ate, in the chair of State, he had done his good part. He was born in A-pril, 1758, and died, like Ad-ams and Jef-fer-son, on In-de-pen-dence Day, in the year 1831.

The next Vir-gin-ia-born chief of our land—if we can put faith in the tale

I told you of the birth of An-drew Jack-son at the Strode farm—and why not? We have no more proof that he was born else-where. 'Tis said there is yet a spring on that land the Strodes gave the name of Jack-son Spring to, for the sake of the babe they were so fond of. In that case the next chief from Vir-gin-ia was the sev-enth of the land, known as “Old Hick-o-ry.”



James Monroe

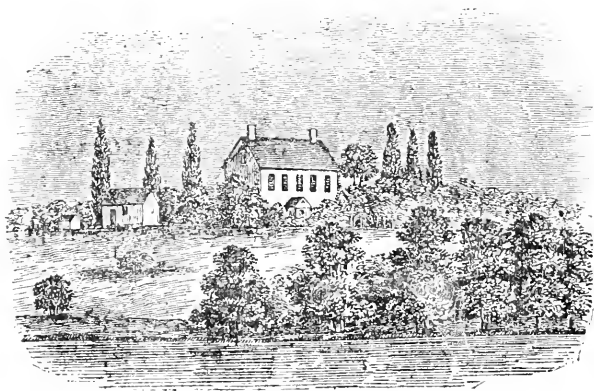
Then in the year 1841 the land once more took a chief from Vir-gin-ia—Wil-liam Hen-ry Har-ri-son. He was the ninth chief of our land. He did not live but one month from the time he took the helm.

He was dear to the hearts of men, and had made name and fame as a states-man and in the war with the Red men.

John Ty-ler, of Vir-gin-ia, was then the chief.

In 1849 a chief by the name of Zach-a-ry Tay-lor, of Vir-gin-ia, who had made a great name in the war in Mex-i-co, was put in the chair of chief of the land. This was the twelfth Pres-i-dent, and eighth

from Vir-gin-ia. His-to-ry gives the State sev-en so far. It has not been known till now what State gave birth to the great Gen-er-al Jack-son. Some say 'tis North Car-o-li-na, some say South Car-o-li-na.



BIRTH-PLACE OF PRES-I-DENT HAR-RI-SON, ON THE JAMES RIV-ER, 1773.

We shall do like the Strode child, and lay claim to him till some one who can prove more rights gives us a box on the ear and takes him from Vir-gin-ia.

Gen-er-al Win-field Scott was a Vir-gin-ian, and so was Gen-er-al Hous-ton, once Pres-i-dent of Tex-as. Al-len G. Thur-man of "Red Ban-dan-na" fame is a Vir-gin-ian by birth. And the Re-pub-li-can man up for Pres-i-dent is the grand-son of the Har-ri-son born in the house you see here.

CHAPTER III.

ALL these years did not pass by in peace for those at home; there were wars with the Red men of Vir-gin-ia, whose hate for the whites made them do such vile, bad things that it was not safe for large or small folks to go far from the house, whose arms had to be kept in a state for use all the time.

The Red men had now got so cute that they were up to all kinds of tricks to get scalps or catch whites, so that they could burn them, or do them such harm that the cries of the poor souls rang out, to the great glee of the fierce Red men.

*John Tyler.*

When boys or girls were out in the woods and heard signs of the foe they ran like deers for home; they had no wish to be made toast of to make fun for them, I can tell you.



J. Taylor

In the year 1793 the In-dians were as bad as they could be. They stole stock, burnt whole towns, and kept young and old in great fear. One day in the fall of that year two boys by the name of John-son were sent out to find the cows. When they got out in the woods they found some nuts, and sat down on a log to have a feast. They kept their bright eyes on the watch all the same, though, for a Red man who might

sneak on them. At last they saw two men come down the road. They had on clothes like white men, and the boys thought they were some of their own kin come in search of the farm stock, and so

went on with their feast of nuts till a harsh "Ugh!" made them look and see two In-dians.

Oh, how the nuts were cast down, and how those two lads took to their heels. But the Red men's legs were long and their stride swift, and soon the boys were in the clutch of the In-dians.



TAY-LOR AT BUE-NA VIS-TA.

"You run some more, me kill you!" the Red men said.

Well, they thought there was hope in those words, as that meant they would not take their heads off just then. So they kept still and made the Red men think it was just fun to go with them;

that they had both had the wish for a long time to lead the life of a Red man.

Hen-ry, who was not so old as John, thought in truth it would be nice to be the pet of a sav-age. He told one of them that his pa made him work all the time, that he got no chance to play, and now he



JACK-SON AT NEW OR-LE-ANS.

was just in the mood to go and be a big chief, and hunt scalps and smoke all the time.

The sly Red man said “Ugh! ugh!” and thought, we will make sport for you, my lad, in a way you won’t like!

John, who was thir-teen years old, had more



sense, and set his mind to work on a plan to get clear.

When night came they made a halt. A fire was made to cook some food, and when it got late the men each took a boy on one side of him and laid their guns at hand and went to sleep.

But John had no thought of sleep. When all was still, and the breath of the Red men got to be deep like a Red man's snore, he got his mouth close to the ear of Hen-ry, and told him they must try to run home. Hen-ry would have flown with all speed, but John said to him: "We must first kill our foe, or they will catch us and roast us at once!"

Soft as mice the gun of an In-dian was put with its mouth to his head; John put his brother's hand then on the place where, with one quick move, the gun would go off.

"Let it go as you see me strike this one on the head," said he, then he took the tom-a-hawk of the Red he meant to kill. Just as the blow fell, Henry did as he had been told, and, ah, what wild yells rang through the woods!

The Red men were not quite dead, but each had been so hurt that they could not run. John had struck twice, and his man soon gave up the ghost, but the one who had been shot kept up his yells as long as the boys could hear them.

They ran all night, and at dawn came near the fort where their home was. Here folks were in great grief and fear. Their moth-er wept and wrung her hands

“Oh, my poor boys! My dear, dear boys, they are lost, or may be dead by this time.”

“No moth-er, we are here yet!” said John, and the two boys were soon in her arms.

When they had told what they had done, some of the men said it was not true, no two boys could be so smart. But they went to the woods, and saw the one Red man dead. The one who had been shot, had crept back of a tree that lay hear by, and with his jaw half shot off and in great pain, he stood at bay, and sent one load from his gun at the men. Brave white men would not make war on a half dead sav-age, so they left him to hide in some shrub to die.

When the Red men at last came to terms of peace with Gen-er-al Wayne, some of them who had heard of the boys’ deed of pluck, had a wish to know where they were. They were told the lads were still with their pa and ma.

“That is not right,” said the Red chief. “You should have made kings of them!”

In the year 1800 there was a bad time with the black race of men in Vir-gin-ia. A fiend by the

name of Ga-bri-el was a slave on a farm near Richmond. He thought it would be a fine thing to kill all the white folk, burn the town, and take the land for his race. He and a big lot of slaves took such sharp things as they could find to shed blood with, and went on their way to Richmond.

A hard storm came up, the stream rose so high they could not ford it, so a great wild fear came on them. They ran to the swamps and woods to hide. Ga-bri-el and some of the slaves were caught and hung.

In 1831 a slave by the name of Nat Turner thought the time had come to make an end of the white race, and he was the one God had made to do the work. He had no cause to be bad. His master had not done him harm, for he said he had a good, kind friend in him, when he was caught and bade to tell why he had such hate for the whites.

He was not so much to blame for his deed as his parents, I think. The blacks have a queer faith in signs, and Nat had some marks on his black skin that made the black folks say he was born to be not like the rest. When he was small he told his mother of things that took place ere he was born. She, poor thing, at once gave it out her child had a gift of sight, that he could look through the veil of the past and the time to come. She did not think

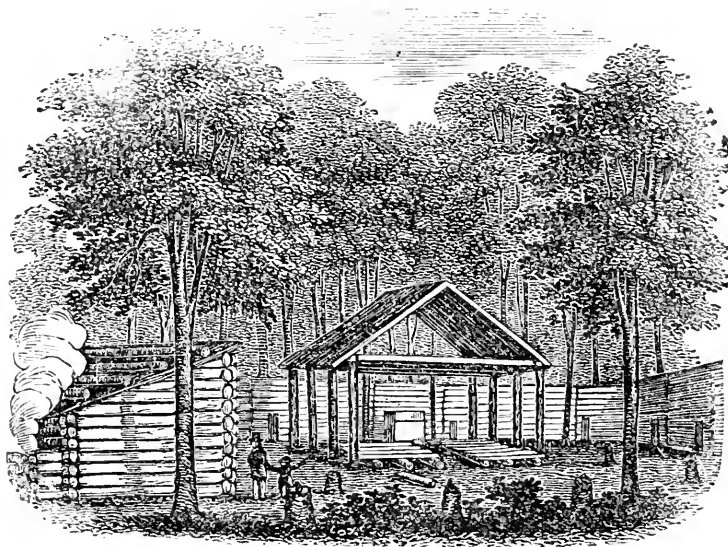
that he might have heard her speak of those things, and so know of them. Could he have seen what was to *come* he would have been a wise man, and so kept his neck free from the rope that made an end to him.

But all the slaves took up his mother's talk, and as Nat grew up he saw that he was a big man with them, and he must say and do odd things to keep up his fame. So he would dream and think of strange things to give his friends a scare. One of these was that our Lord had made a sign to him from the sky, and told him that a snake was let loose, (this meant sin) and that our Lord had now laid down the yoke He had borne for the sins of men, and that he, Nat Turner, must take it up, and fight with it the great snake; that he must slay his foes when a sign should be in the sky. Now Nat did not know just what to do to prove that the marks on him were signs that he would be great. So he thought and thought till he saw a "sign." It was an e-clipse of the sun. "That is the sign meant for me," said he to the slaves.

They fell on their knees in a great fright when it got dark, and now thought Nat was in truth sent by our Lord to lead them—to what—they did not know. They were to slay the snake, and shed blood.

Nat and some of the black men went to the

woods with a fine fat pig and brandy, and such things as would make good fare for those who were to come and hear Nat's plan. The end of it was, Nat went to his master's house with an axe, and put to death Mr. Tre-vis, his wife, and three children, with the aid of the slaves with him. The rage for blood was let loose.



CAMP MEET-ING GROUNDS IN THE FOR-ESTS.

They went from house to house to kill in cold blood the whites. The slaves on the place then went with Nat's crew with guns, swords, and clubs till some fifty-five whites were slain. At last at one house they got a dose of shot. The black men, at this, most all ran from their chief in a fright.

By this time the whites were up in arms, and Nat took to the woods, where he dug a hole in the ground put a pile of fence rails on the top, and there he hid for six weeks. He would steal out at night for food, but not one of his black friends came to do him a kind turn.

A dog, that was with two slaves who came to the woods to hunt, got scent of Nat, and in this way the whites got on his track. He was caught and hung. So it came to pass that those "strange" marks on him were "signs" that he would rise quite high in the world.

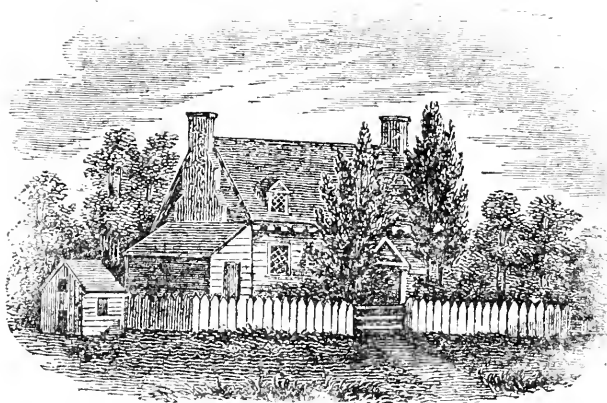
CHAPTER IV.

THE cute place so like a toy house you see on the next page is where Hen-ry Clay was born. I must tell you of a scene that took place in which he was one of the chief men.

In the time that Mr. Mad-i-son was chief of our land, Mr. Ran-dolph, of Ro-a-noke, said some hard words to Mr. Clay on themes of the war with Great Brit-ain that was a sore point just then, as I have told you. In those days, when men said things to wound those to whom they spoke, they could not

pass it by, but the deed had to be made the cause of a du-el ; both men would fire, each to kill his man. We do not act that way in these times, I am glad to say. Well, Mr. Clay sent a friend to talk with a friend of Mr. Ran-dolph ; and these men set time and place for the two "mad" men to meet.

Gen-er-al Ham-il-ton was Mr. Ran-dolph's friend, and the night ere the du-el



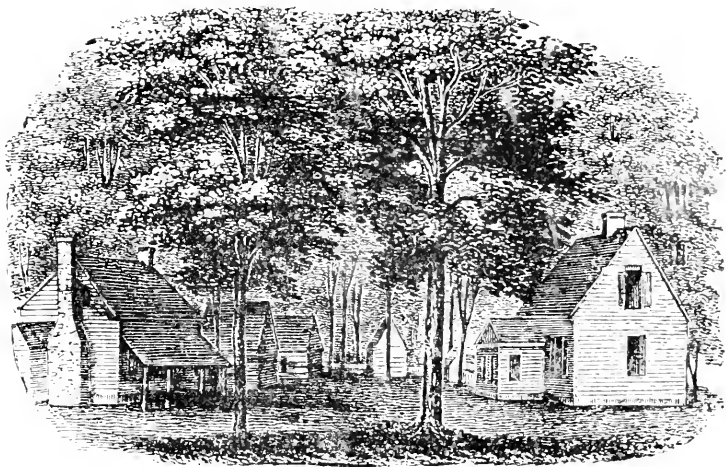
BIRTH-PLACE OF HEN-RY CLAY, HAN-O-VER COUN-TY,
VIR-GIN-IA.

was to take place Mr. Ran-dolph sent for the Gen-er-al, and told him he would not fire at Mr. Clay, but stand and be shot at for what he had said to grieve Mr. Clay.

Gen-er-al Ham-il-ton did his best to change his mind, but Mr. Ran-dolph in a calm, sad mood said, and tears came to his eyes as he spoke: "I will not harm a hair of his head. No, I will not make his wife a wid-ow, his babes or-phans, to weep on his grave. When the sod of Vir-gin-ia rests on my breast there will be none to drop one tear on my grave."

The Gen-er-al at once sought Col-o-nel Tatt-nal, a friend, and told him. The two came back, and Mr. Tatt-nal told Mr. Ran-dolph that they would not stand by just to see him shot down.

At last Mr. Ran-dolph said to put a stop to their talk: "Well, if I see Old Nick in Clay's eye I'll fire—if I think he comes to take my life."



RO-A-NOKE, THE HOME OF JOHN RAN-DOLPH.

When the time came he saw no "Old Nick" in Mr. Clay's eye, but a man calm to face what was to come.

Mr. Ran-dolph said to the Gen-er-al: "Clay is calm, but not fierce; I shall not fire at him."

One—two—three! Mr. Clay's ball did not hit Mr. Ran-dolph, who sent his shot high in the air.

When Mr. Clay saw this, like a true, brave man with a heart to feel, he ran to Mr. Randolph with the cry: "I trust in God, my dear sir, you have not come to harm! Now I see what you would have done, I would not harm you for worlds!"

Gen-er-al Ham-il-ton tells the tale. He had not been friends with Mr. Clay for years; but he now took his hand in a quick, warm clasp, and said: "My good sir, we have not been friends, but from this day I would wish to be friends for all time!"

They all left the spot like men who had been made to see what was best in the hearts of each.

John Randolph of Roanoke.

One thing more I must speak of here in the "Old Vir-gin-ia" times as part of the his-to-ry of the State. It is the fire in which a host of well known folk, and Gen-er-al Smith, the Gov-er-nor of the State, lost their lives. There are some yet in life who lost near and dear kin in the flames that burnt the Rich-mond The-a-tre the night of De-cem-ber 26, 1811. The halls of state were hung in black for thir-ty days. It was the first great loss of life by such a fire in so sad a way this land had known till then.

PART FOURTH.

WAR OF THE STATES.

CHAPTER I.

YEARS went by and the “Un-ion” of States went on—not in peace, so to speak, for there were men in the North who thought the black race were just as good as the white race; that it was time to put a stop to the slave trade, and that the Un-ion should let in no more slave States.

So long as this kind of talk went on in Congress—where those men sent from each State met and had the right to give their views, and in this way have a voice in the plans for the whole good—things were not so bad; but when men got so that all the sense they had ran to love for the blacks of whom they did not know a great deal, and let their souls boil with rage and hate for the white man in the South, the time was come for a grand row, if I may use so ill a word in such a sad case.

Some men with fine brains and good place in the North got so wild on this “slave” talk that their tongues sent out such hot words as these: “I will

be glad to see the slave burn the mas-ter's house, wrong his child, and shoot those who own slaves, down to the last one."

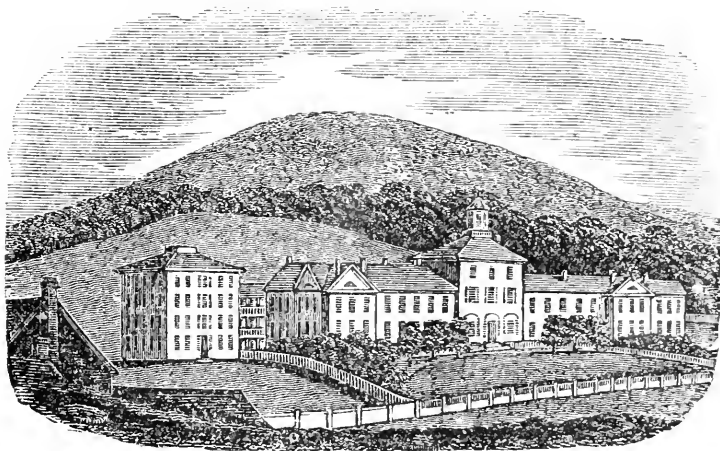
Some of the men in the North said it was right to teach the blacks to harm as they saw fit all those who had slaves. There was no law for crimes done by men if it was done for the sake of a black man, or for the black race.

The flame of hate for the whites in the South grew as strong as the love for the blacks spread ; and the whole North was in a strange glee when a man by the name of John Brown with a lot of mad men went to Har-per's Fer-ry in Vir-gin-ia to stir up the slaves to bad blood, and drive them on to kill the whites—men, their wives, and wee ones, in fact with spikes, knife, and shot to clean out the "mas-ters and their brood." The arms were bought by men in the North who had got so blind to what was just on this one thing, that it makes one at this time still feel they must have been mad to wish to free in this way with blood and crime, a race so ill fit to know right from wrong as the blacks were then. Would it not have been right had Vir-gin-ia then gone out of a Un-ion where such crimes were done to her?

John Brown was hung. The base plot was found out in time as good luck would have it. Then the North sang songs of grief; to toll bells for

that great and good John Brown ; to weep for his bad end was the style. Had he slain all the whites in Vir-gin-ia and gone back North at the head of a black mob in stains of gore, would tears have been shed for the slain of their own race ?

When I read these things as they have been told by true men, it seems to me those who set John Brown on, and thought what he would have done right, must have been quite out of their sane minds,



A-SY-LUM FOR THE IN-SANE AT STAUN-TON, VIR-GIN-IA.

and they “knew not what they did,” so that a way might be made clear to the great *end* for which all are now glad—to be done with slaves.

The Har-per’s Fer-ry case took place in 1859 ; but the real war of the States did not come to pass till months had gone by, and Vir-gin-ia, as in the old days, did her best to keep at peace with the

Un-ion, and was one of the last to go out, when the South saw that the Gov-ern-ment would use force with the States to whip them in line, as if they were bad young ones who had to do just as the "head of the house" said.

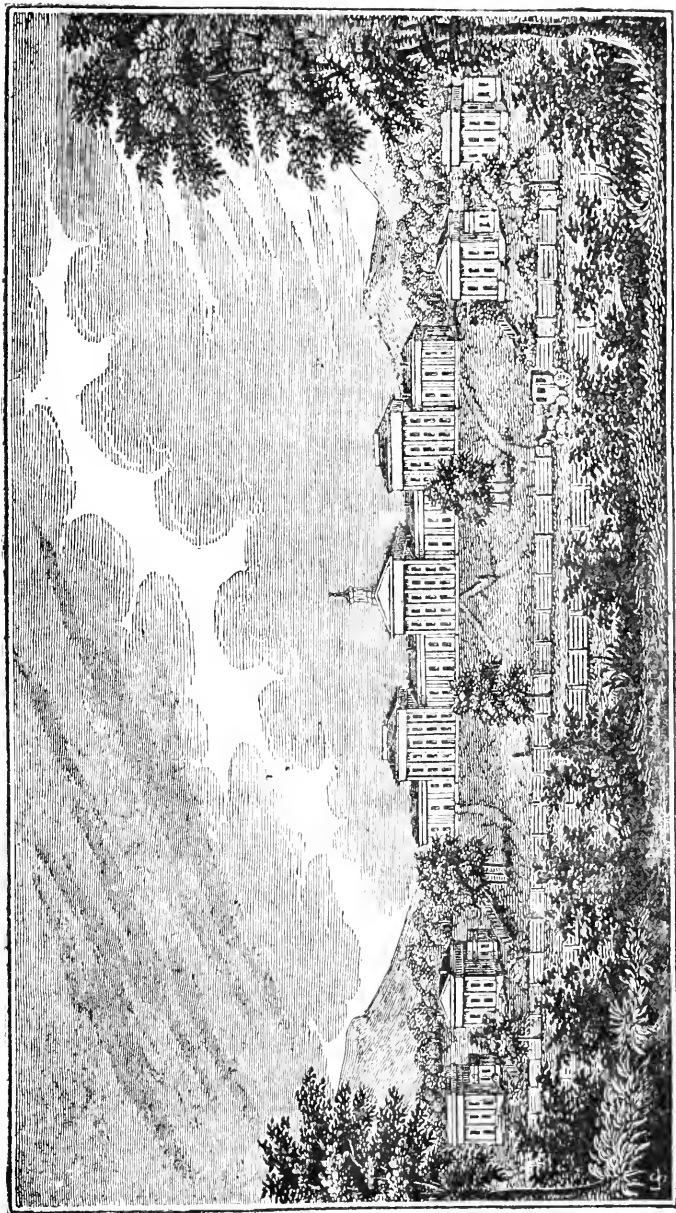
On the 17th of A-pril, when war was in full blast in the far South, Vir-gin-ia at last went out of the "Un-ion," and took sides with the States that had "se-ced-ed."



SEAL OF VIR-GIN-IA.

You must now bear in mind that I told you that Vir-gin-ia had held on to the right to "se-cede" in case there should be acts done at the seat of Gov-ern-ment at Wash-ing-ton that the people of Vir-gin-ia did not think just to them. New York and Rhode Is-land kept that right, too, when they came in-to the Un-ion as States. (See El-li-ott's De-bates, vol. i., page 327, E-di-tion 1836.)

In spite of this States-rights move, the Pres-i-dent said that no State had such right, and most of the folks at the North were led to think with him that the States were held by the Gov-ern-ment, just



WASHINGTON COLLEGE, LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

as if *it* were the King and the States slaves who had to dance to the King's tune.

So there was a rush of brave men to arms to keep the "Un-ion" whole, as they thought; for may-be not one out of one hun-dred knew, or had read, of the real State-rights laws, as some of the States kept it ere they would come in the Un-ion to sign the Fed-er-al Con-sti-tu-tion, which is the plan of our Gov-ern-ment.

West Vir-gin-ia did not wish to be bound to act with the tide-wa-ter and val-ley part of Vir-gin-ia that went out, so it got to be a State by it-self. It was not with hate and rage that the Vir-gin-ians now took up arms to fight the old flag. They did so with sad, sad hearts. They could not see why things were brought to such a pass. It is said that Rob-ert E. Lee wept tears of blood when the time came for him to take sides for the flag of the Un-ion or flag of the State; but that which was right to him and such as he in heart, would not let them take up arms but for their peo-ple and their State.

Oh, what a crime is such a war! Young men in the North fought, some at least, for what, they could not have told. Said an old man with but one leg, and face full of scars to me, some years since. "When the war broke out I was one of the first to 'rush to the front.' I was young, full of what I

may now call blind love for this land of my birth. The 'flag' I had been taught to look up to, as a piece of red, white, and blue goods from on high. All I knew then of the South was that it had made war on that sa-cred bit of stuff. The blood in me rose to a white heat. If the one who gave me birth had been shot at I could not have been much more mad. Go to war! Yes! I felt as if I must clean out the whole 'se-cesh' land, and plant our flag on the top of a high hill, and yell 'my coun-try's safe'!

"Die? If I had ten souls in me all should have been laid at the foot of an A-mer-i-can flag pole. I left home with the tears of moth-er wet on my cheeks. A sweet girl wrote her name in the Book of books, and gave it to me at the rail-road de-pot. 'Lay it on your heart to keep the foe's shot at bay,' said she.

"Oh, it was a sore good-bye, but then I was but *one* of such a throng! We were on our way to save the land and the old flag! Our names and deeds would live, and if we lost life—why, it was in a grand cause. Two months from that time I lay on the blood-moist soil of Vir-gin-ia with a ball in my neck, part of one ear gone, and a lot of dead and half dead com-rades near me. I went to sleep with my hand on my breast where that Book was. When I woke I was not where I thought I would

be, up *there*—but in a tent where they patch up men like me in times of war. I got well and went back to my reg-i-ment to give the South a dose for the drink of blood it got out of me; and lost a leg in the next fight. I was sent home. My folks were well off, and would not ask the Gov-ern-ment for a cork leg or the bit of cash a wreck like me might have got at the time, once in three months.

“Some of the warm love for the flag had been ‘let’ by this time. Things were not just what they seemed when one takes his love of the flag to bed for a quilt; and the ‘dear old land’ is a hard bed, and has no springs—but when things got bad with us, and times made way with our spare cash, I thought I’d get my just dues and ask for a pen-sion.

“The war was a thing of the past by this time, and our Gov-ern-ment did not make such great pets of her crip-ples as it had made of her brave young sol-diers. I tell you facts; ere I got through with my claim I had said some hard words of the flag, that was flung to the breeze o’er my stump of a limb and wreck of a frame. I blush with shame when pen-sion day comes, and I must face the cold stare of the ‘king’ of the pen-sion of-fice, who thrusts the price of my pa-tri-ot-ism at me as if I were a dog!

“Go way with your old flags! Let the red-hot youth of our land spend a day in a pen-sion of-fice

and see how the 'sa-viours of the coun-try' are respect-ed. That'll cure 'em!

But this is all talk; were the lame man once more young, and in his brave heart felt a call to stand by the flag, he would rush to the front as in days gone by. It is born in us to be quick to see harm to the land we love—and the flag means our land, our home.

CHAPTER II.

THE head of the new Gov-ern-ment of the se-ced-ed States was at Rich-mond, and the first great strife of States took place at Ma-nas-sas, which is known as the bat-tle of Bull Run. There had been blood shed in Vir-gin-ia at Beth-el in June, 1861, when Gen-er-al Ma-gru-der and a small force got the best of the troops from Mass-a-chu-setts with Gen-er-al Pierce at their head. The men in the South were so true and brave, that in the heat of the strife they yet were so just to the men they fought that they paid sol-diers' due to the brave ones they had to face, foes though they were.

The eyes of the whole North now were bent on Rich-mond, and a grand move was made to storm

the “Con-fed-er-ate Cap-i-tal.” They thought if they took that town the “South” would at once sit down, and cry peace.

So a great force with Gen-er-al Mc-Dow-ell at



THOM-AS JON-A-THAN
JACK-SON (“STONE-WALL
JACK-SON”).



J. E. B. STUART.



ROB-ERT E. LEE.



JAMES LONG-STREET.



JO-SEPH JOHN-STON.

CON-FED-ER-ATE CHIEFS.

the head of the troops from the North went on the march to Vir-gin-ia to take Rich-mond. Their will was good and they were brave, but they had souls to

face and men to fight who were not made of less true stuff than the best of their own. They found this out when they got as far as Bull Run, where Gen-er-al Beau-re-gard and his troops met them, and—well, I will not at this late day dwell on the dose they got, for it was here they found out that the men of the South did not mean to let them walk right through them to Rich-mond, and then pass on and bathe in the Gulf Stream.

So they had a grand ar-my join force by a “flank” move to get their men on all sides of the troops from the South, and gay crowds came from the towns of the North and from Wash-ing-ton to see that vast force of men whip the South on the field at Ma-nas-sas.

At one time things were right close to an end when the strife was at its height; and oh, how the brave on both sides were sent to the dust to rise no more!

It was here that Gen-er-al Jack-son, the good and the brave, got the name of “Stone-wall.”

Gen-er-al Bee, whose hand-ful of men were most all slain, rode to the side of Gen-er-al Jack-son, and with a face of woe said: “Gen-er-al, they will beat us back.”

“Sir,” cool as ice, said Jack-son, “We will give them the bay-o-net.”

Gen-er-al Bee rode to his men, and with new strength of hope said : " See, there stands Jack-son like a stone-wall ! Let us not yield to the foe, but stand firm with him."

Like a spell of new life the men took up the cry,



JACK-SON AT BULL RUN.

" Give them the bay-o-net, and stand like Stone-wall Jack-son !"

They met the North, and inch by inch took the field from them, and when late in the day new aid came, led by Gen-eral J. E. John-ston, the strife came to an end with vic-to-ry for the South for that time at least.

What a rout it was for those who *came to look*

on! They did not stop to pick up the poor half slain who lay on the field, for Stuart's horse-men were at their heels. From that day General Jackson was known to the world as Stone-wall.

Some tales are told of him that are just the kind boys and girls love to hear; and to such wee folks they must be quite new.

A cap-tain in the ar-my from "way down East" got caught in the strife near Richmond late in the war. While half in a doze Gen-er-al Lee and his staff rode by. The cap-tain woke up and said: "Who is that?"

When told, he could not find all the good words in which to tell what he thought of so fine a man, "who sat his horse so grand," and, "though a foe, he must say Gen-er-al Lee had not his match in the field."



GEN-ER-AL ROB-ERT E. LEE.

Soon Gen-er-al Jack-son and staff rode up, and he heard some one say the Gen-er-al's name. With a bound he was on his feet to gaze long and well at the "old man."

"So that's old Stone-wall, is it?"

"Yes."

"Wa-al, I swan, he ain't much for looks!"

Stone-wall Jack-son did not wish to have Vir-gin-ia se-cede from the Un-ion, but when the State went out, he went with it, and heart and soul stood by the State's right to do so.

He would not hear folk talk of the hate they bore the North. "You and I have no right to hate; it is a low trait of mind, and a sin. We must leave these things to God," he would say.

He had a great love for God, and would stop to kneel and ask God's help for what he then had in view. If they lost the day he would give thanks that they were yet in life.

The night of the day of the strife at Fred-er-icks-burg, Gen-er-al Lee had a talk with all his chiefs, so that each could say what should next be done to whip the foe.

Jack-son went to sleep, and when they woke him for his views, he said in a half doze: "Drive 'em in the stream! Drive 'em in the stream!"

Though all his men thought no one on earth so

good and great as their chief, Jack-son was not proud of what he could win in fame by his brave skill; he gave all due to God, and next to Him thought most of Gen-er-al Lee. He once said: "Rob-ert E. Lee is a man in whose steps I would walk to the death, or where he saw fit to lead, with blind trust in his ways."

We do not oft see or hear of a man who is so free to give such grand due to men of his own time. He went right on with such things as he had to do, and did not stop to look in the glass and say to his own face: "Ah, my man, I am proud of you; there are no more like you!" or some such vain talk. While he did his own work he had his eyes on the deeds of those with him, and so he taught his tongue to praise what gave joy to his heart.

There were troops in the South who had not seen Jack-son, but they had heard of him, I can tell you. So it came to pass once, that when on the march to join Gen-er-al Lee near Rich-mond, there had come with him the well-known Tex-as bri-gade of Gen-er-al Hood, whose men had not seen Jack-son yet, but knew of, and thought of, him as brave men think of a brave chief.

The move of the army was to be kept as much as could be from the ears of spies, and the men were

told to keep still tongues if they met strange men who might quiz them.

They had been one day on the march when Jackson rode down the line to look at the troops, and saw two of Hood's men skip from the ranks, and make tracks for a cherry tree in a field on the way.

With a stern face he rode up to them and said: "Where are you bound?"

"I don't know," cool as you please, said one of the men who did not know who this man, with no sign of rank on his clothes, was.

"What is your name?"

"I don't know."

"Who is your chief?"

"I don't know."

"What do you mean by your 'I don't know!'" at last spoke up sharp the Gen-er-al.

"Why, you see, Old Stone-wall gave out word that we were not to know a thing till the next fight, and we are bound to do as he says."

The Gen-er-al had to smile, though he did not tell them that he was, "Old Stone-wall," but they found it out right soon.

He thought not of his own harm when he fell at night with the wound that gave him his death. "Do not tell the troops I'm hurt," were his words.

All through life he said, "It's all right, it's all

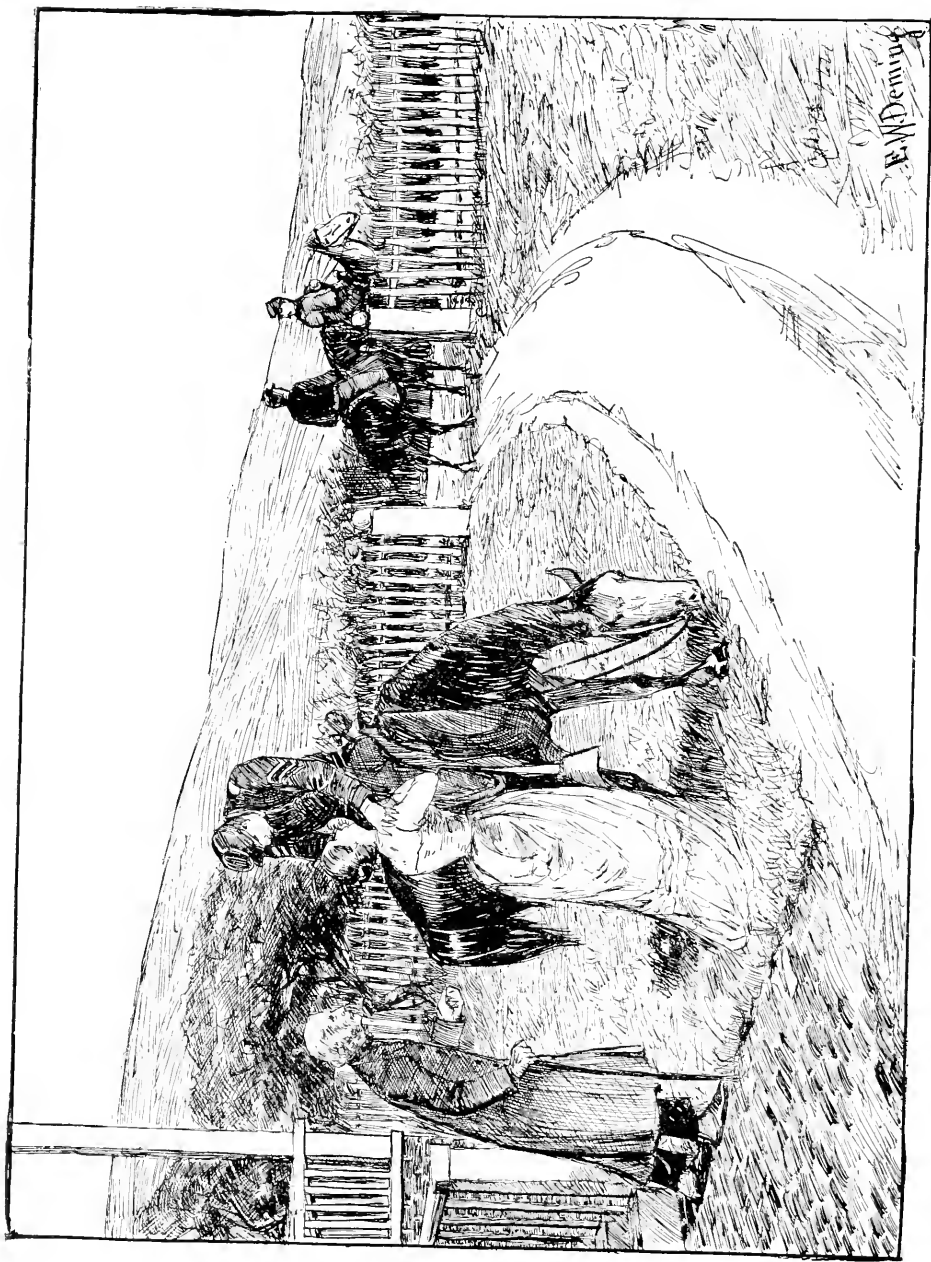
right," and so he said when his wife told him death was at hand.

The brave Gen-er-al Stu-art took charge of the dead chief's dear troops, and led them to the strife with the cry: "Charge, men, and think of Jack-son!"

CHAPTER III.

IT was a sad, hard time for the dear ones left at home in Vir-gin-ia. But the wives and girls and boys of both sides had great brave hearts in them; each bore up, for each thought they had right on their side; but it was far more hard for those who had dear ones in the Con-fed-er-ate ar-my. They were at work night and day to help those in the strife and to keep the wolf of want from their doors. Oh, what had they not had to bear from "the boys of the North" on their way through the vale!

But that is the fate of war. It is told by one of the of-fi-cers on the "North side" of the strife, that while they were at York-town their guns were set just in front of a large, fine house with fruit trees on all sides. It was said to be the home of a Mrs. Far-ren-holt, whose son and hus-band were in the war on the Con-fed-er-ate side.



One day a Fed-er-al of-fi-cer went to her to buy a horse. (I did not know they "bought" things from folks on the south side at that time.)

"I would like to buy a horse from you," he said, so the tale goes.

"I can't spare one. I need all I have to work the place and plough the fields."

"Oh," said he, with a grin; "your folks will plough that for you with shot and shell soon."

"Will they plant, too?"

"Well, they won't get a chance to plant an-y of us if we can help it!" said the man, with a laugh.

"Oh me, if they *do* plant a lot of you, I hope for the *land's* sake you won't sprout. We've more Yan-kee sprouts 'round here now than is good for Vir-gin-ia soil!"

The man left her with a queer smile on his face, but he did not take her horse.

It is told of a brave young girl near Charles-ton, Ka-naw-ha, Vir-gin-ia, that when the fight at Sker-ry was past the troops from the North went from house to house to seek foes and flags. Two or three men with straps of rank on their coats came to her home.

"What do you want?" said Miss Fry, for that, I am told, was her name.

"We want your 'se-cesh' flags; we know there are some hid here in this house."

“ Brave men take flags on the field of strife, from the hands of men who fight ! ” said Miss Fry, with scorn. “ Cow-ards hunt them in the homes of lone wo-men ! Mine are in the hands of brave boys in the field of war. Go there and take them ! ”

Out of the vast sad tales one could tell of those days, none are more sweet than those that tell of kind acts on the fields of strife, when spent balls and spent shells lay with the wrecks of lives they had made.

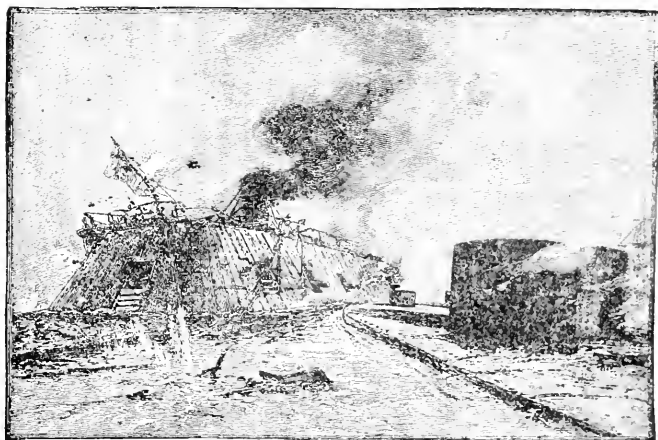
See, the field is strewn with gray coats. The day, too, is spent ; the veil of night drapes woe, but the moan of pain falls on the heart more keen for the hush night brings in her train. Can you see that form steal close to the spot ? It halts, a low wail, a sigh, a moan from those on the ground. The dark form draws near. It bends o’er the gray coat moist with blood. What will he do to his slain foe ? There is life in him yet—will he end it, will he rob him ? We are told such things have been done.

Oh no, no. These men are of one race, and they have one God. The blue coat puts his hand ’neath the head of the gray coat, he lifts it so that the lips, now gray and dry, touch the tin can with its cool drink.

The fate of war made them foes in the morn. Now one is low, and the one who is safe, has

thought how it might have been with him; and like a friend and a true man he goes hence to give that "drop of cold wa-ter" to him who is faint.

It is to men with such hearts that we must give thanks for the bridge of peace that is built o'er the dark days. Those who fought are the ones who were the first to wish for an end to strife. They are



THE MON-I-TOR AND THE MER-RI-MAC.

the ones to shake hands at the base of the mon-u-ments which rise North and South to mark the spots where the gray and the blue fell, and where the blood of both wet the same soil.

When we hear loud talk of the "wrongs" and hates, of times long past, nine times out of ten the tongue to wag the old war, is the tongue hung in

the mouth of the man who stayed at home, that he might grow rich on the woes and needs of war-fare. I read in an old book of war tales, one that I want to tell you, though it does not by right fit the His-to-ry of Vir-gin-ia, but it will give my small girl and boy friend a peep at a mean soul. There are just such souls in the wake of true men's strife, who come when it is safe on the field, and *rob the dead*.

The scene took place on the cars of a train bound from the West to New York while North and South were still at war. A man in fine dress, with a loud voice and grand air, sat to the right of the car. He had much to say to a friend some seats from him on the left hand side, so all the folks in the coach heard what he said. The talk, of course was on the war, and a fight of which the day's news-pa-pers were full. The blue-coats had won, and the North thought the war would now soon end, as the gray coats had no more of clothes or stores or aught else to keep their brave hearts up with.

"Well," said this man, "I hope the war will last at least six months more!"

"Why?" said his friend with a stare, like all the rest who heard him.

"Well, if it lasts six months more I'll be rich; at least I'll have made so much cash that I won't need to have a care for the rest of my life. I've made

out of the war, the last six months, at least a cool \$100,000."

Just then some one laid a hand on his arm. It was a pale face that met his glance. A lady in deep black sat in the seat just back of him.

"Sir," said she, "I had, not long since, two sons. One fell in the strife at Fred-er-icks-burg—one at Mur-frees-bo-ro."

Her voice broke with a sob; all in the car held their breath. The lady kept down the tears, and her eyes grew hard, and her breath came fast; then she sprang up with a sense of quick rage, and gave the man a slap first on the right then on the left cheek; and ere he knew what had come to him, the men in the car took hold of him, and thrust him out of the door as one not fit to breathe the air with them.

Such men in the North had a chance to grow rich. What did they care for flag or State so that their purse grew round and full! But the South gave all, and lost all, all, for a cause to them so just.

The tide of blood swept o'er the land till step by step their cause was lost.

Then came the day when Pres-i-dent Da-vis had to fly for his life. The Stars and Bars were torn from the flag-staff of the Cap-i-tol at Rich-mond, and a flag of the Un-ion brought from New Or-leans by

Lieu-ten-ant de Peys-ter was run up while flames made a wreck of the town, and the sparks rose in a wreath of red glow o'er Cap-i-tol Hill, as if in glee that the fair vale of Vir-gin-ia lay waste.

At Ap-po-mat-tox a band of men, sore of foot, gaunt in form, laid down their swords. In the words of a true man who does not gloat o'er those who had lost, who is one of the band of the Grand Ar-my of the Re-pub-lic: "It was a fierce foe, a proud foe, a brave foe," with scarce strength left in their frames to grind their heels in the dust, from grief that they had to live to see such an end. The earth was wet with the tears they were too weak from want of food to keep back. When one reads of that day, one is made to think of the South as a lame and torn ea-gle in throes of pain and woe, of whom e'en the foe must say: "Such pluck is grand."

But the ea-gle did not die! From all parts of the South, and here Vir-gin-ia once more takes the lead—we hear the voice of the young ea-gle give vent to the joy of a new dawn. And they mean to be seen and heard, too, these young ea-glets of the new born old Vir-gin-ia. Four hun-dred of them sent a call to the White House at Wash-ing-ton, May last (1888), to bid Mrs. Cleve-land "bring the Pres-i-dent" to their school, so that the chief of our land might see them soar, and hear them sing.

CHAPTER IV.

THE State had no chief when the war was at an end. F. H. Pierpont, who had been chief of West Virginia, was sent by the Government at Washington to be chief. Then new laws were made, by which the men of the State could come to some terms of good will with the "Union."

In 1869 they made Gilbert C. Walker chief of Virginia, and then the State took her place as of old in the Union.

At Winchester stands now a "Confederate" monument of which Virginia is as proud as New England is of "Bunker Hill." It was put there that all might know in the time to come, as they thought in the past, and is now the sign, that those who fell went to their death in a cause they thought just, by the right Virginia kept, as you will see when you read what, in the words of those who had the right to frame such laws in the days of old, these laws said. It reads thus :

*Res-er-va-tion of Vir-gin-ia to leave the Un-ion for
cause such as she might think prop-er be-fore
rat-i-fy-ing the Fed-er-al Con-sti-tu-tion.*

“We, the del-e-gates of the peo-ple of Vir-gin-ia,
du-ly e-lect-ed in pur-su-ance of the rec-om-men-da-
tion of the Gen-er-al As-sem-bly, and now met in



ALEX-AN-DER H. STE-
PHENS.



ROBERT TOOMBS.



JEF-FER-SON DA-VIS.



JU-DAH P. BEN-JA-MIN.



J. H. REA-GAN.

CON-FED-ER-ATE CHIEFS.

Con-ven-tion, hav-ing ful-ly and free-ly in-ves-ti-gat-ed
and dis-cussed the pro-ceed-ings of the Fed-er-al
Con-ven-tion, (the Con-ven-tion that framed the Fed-
er-al Con-sti-tu-tion, and sub-mit-ted to the States for
rat-i-fi-ca-tion,) and be-ing pre-pared, as well as the

most ma-ture de-lib-er-a-tion hath en-a-bled us, to de-cide there-on, do, in the name and be-half of the peo-ple of Vir-gin-ia, de-clare and make known that the pow-ers grant-ed un-der the Con-sti-tu-tion be-ing de-liv-ered from the peo-ple of the U-ni-ted States, (now act-ing as States,) *may be re-sumed by them when-ev-er the same shall be per-ver-ted to their in-iu-ry or opp-ression*, and that ev-er-y pow-er not grant-ed, there-by re-mains with them, (the peo-ple of the States,) and at their will."

I must now tell you the names of all the Gov-ernors of Vir-gin-ia since our land got to be a Re-pub-lic. The first was Pat-rick Hen-ry. Thom-as Jef-fer-son, Thom-as Nel-son, Ben-jam-in Har-ri-son, Ed-mond Ran-dolph, Bev-er-ly Ran-dolph, Hen-ry Lee, Rob-ert Brooke, James Wood, James Mon-roë, John Page, Wil-liam Ca-bell, John Ty-ler, Gen-er-al W. Smith (who lost his life in the flames when the Rich-mond The-a-tre was burnt), James Bar-bour, W. C. Nich-o-las, James P. Pres-ton, Thom-as M. Ran-dolph, James Pleas-ant, John Ty-ler (Pres-i-dent of the U-ni-ted States), W. B. Giles, John Floyd, Lit-tle-ton W. Taze-well, Win-dom Rob-ert-son, Da-vid Camp-bell, Thom-as W. Gil-mer, John Ruth-er-ford, John M. Greg-o-ry, James Mc-Dow-ell, Wil-liam Smith, John B. Floyd, Jo-seph Sha-ron, Hen-ry S. Wise, John Let-cher, Wil-liam Smith,

Fran-cis H. Pier-pont, Hen-ry H. Wills, Gil-bert C. Walk-er, James L. Kemp-er, Fred-er-ick W. M. Hol-li-day, Wil-liam E. Clau-son. Fitz-hugh Lee is chief at this time.

The boys and girls of Vir-gin-ia ought to take



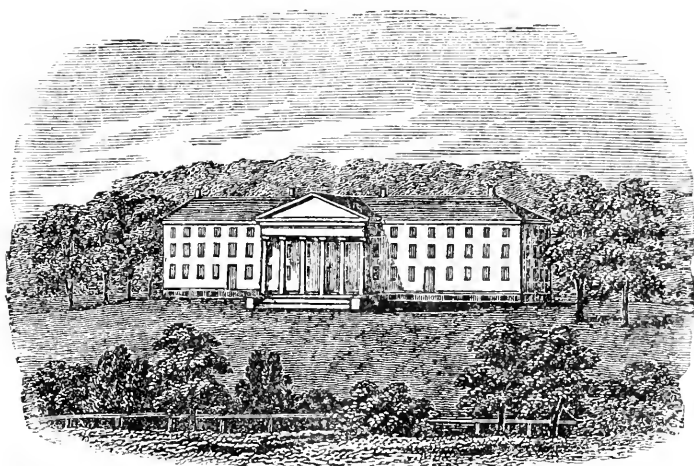
great pride in their State, and learn as much as they can of all that is part of it—the wealth yet deep in her soil, the growth of her crops, and works of those who give her fame.

There is a grand field from which to glean all such facts at Rich-mond, and on the roll of the Vir-gin-ia His-tor-i-cal So-ci-e-ty and

South-ern His-tor-i-cal So-ci-e-ty should be found the names of all the bright young ea-glets of our time, so that they can delve deep down in the past, that they may know well the race from which they sprung, and from such worth, wish to make their own lives

ring on to the end of time side by side with those who have made the State rank so high that you may well be proud to say: "I am a Vir-gin-ian!"

Heigh ho! here we are on the last page, and my



HOME FOR DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND, STAUN-TON, VIR-GIN-IA.

bright young Vir-gin-ia "ea-glets" and I must part. This task, which has been more a source of joy than toil to me, is now come to the place where one must write

THE END.

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